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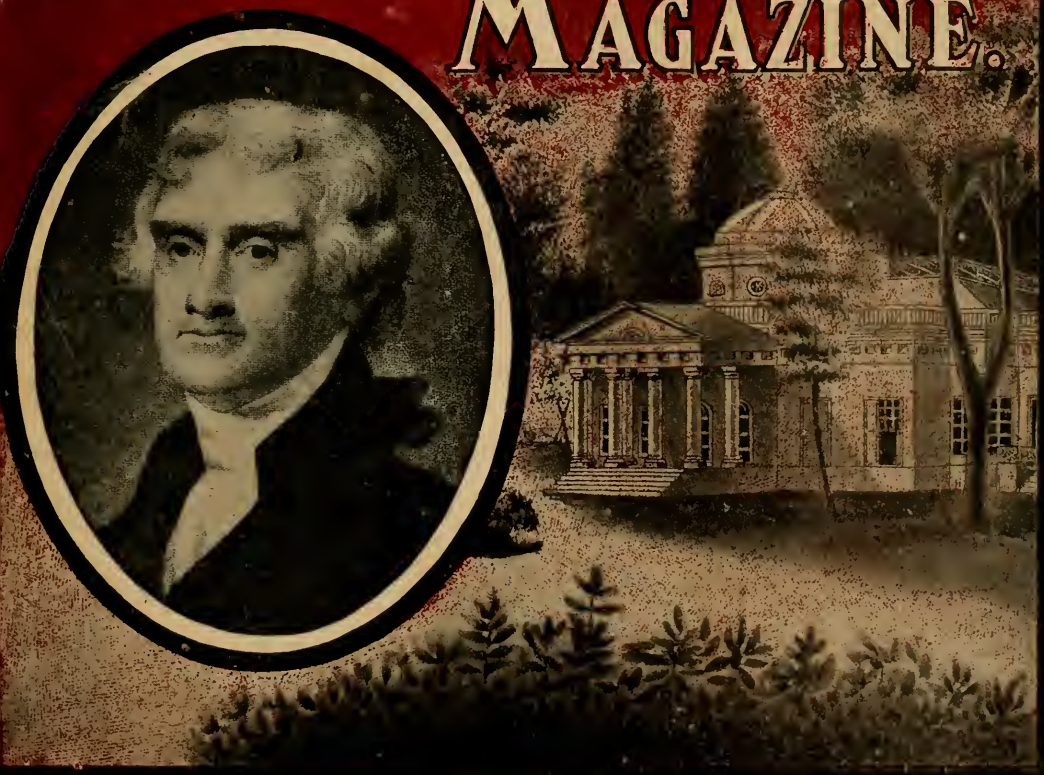
# WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.



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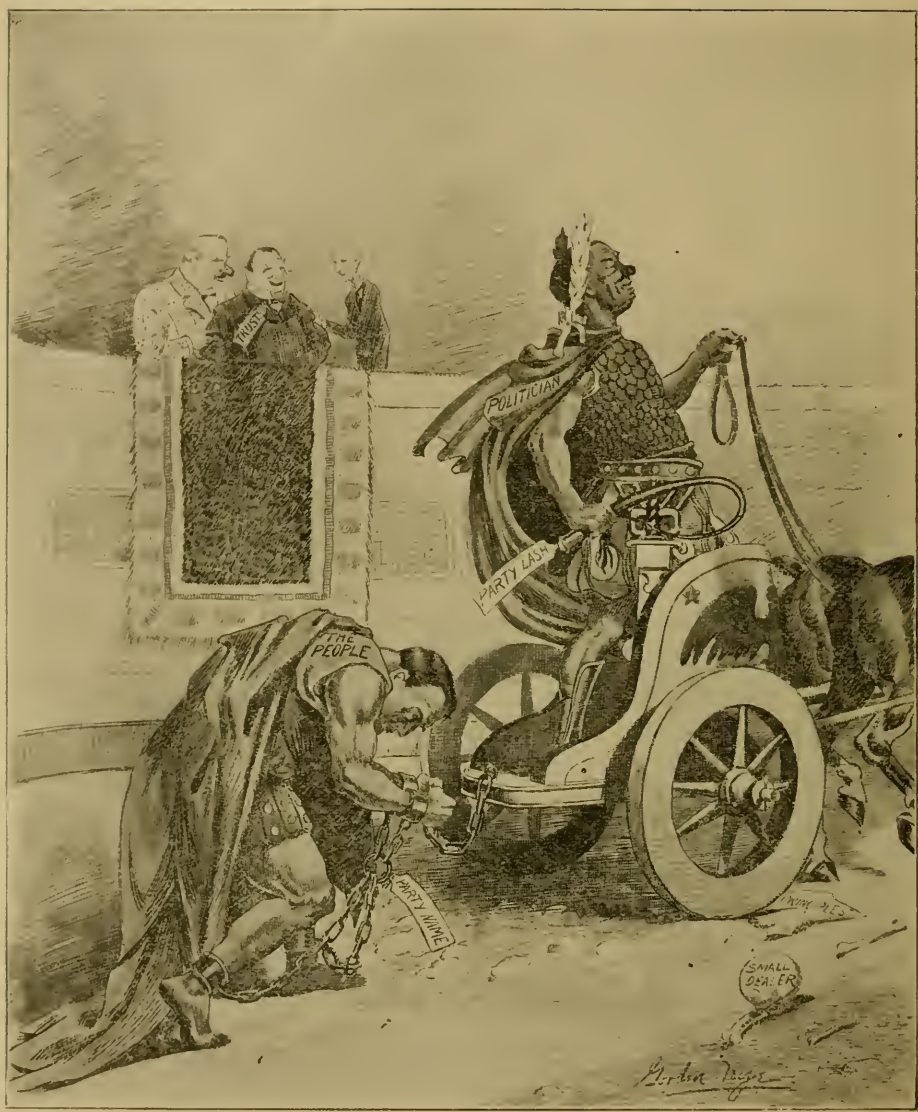


HOW MUCH LONGER DO YOU WANT THIS HUMILIATING SPECTACLE TO CONTINUE?

*Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine*

Vol. II OCTOBER, 1908 No. 10

# EDITORIALS

## Our National Finances

When Paganism had passed away and its "miracles" had all been explained, those who examined the deserted temples and discovered the devices by means of which the priests had tricked the people felt and expressed a sympathetic contempt for the stupid dupes of such a shallow imposture. The reason why the priesthoods had made a mystery of their sanctuaries and private ministrations was *then* very apparent, indeed.

Actuated by the very same motive, the high-priests of modern finance have systematically used every effort to prevent the average man from seeing behind the screen and discovering the "tricks of the trade."

Just as a false religion can hide behind forms, ceremonies, secret trickery and cleverly contrived fraud, and thus elaborate an imposture which will overcome Kings and peoples for centuries, so the cunning men of finance can mystify the masses on the subject of money and, by organizing themselves into an order, preserve their secret and impose their sordid tyranny upon mankind.

Just as a lawyer finds it to his self-interest to make it necessary for the average citizen to look to him for help, as an expert on law, so the financier would have all other citizens impressed with the idea that he alone understands finance.

When we consider how our laws are being constantly changed, made and unmade—some by the legislatures and some by the courts, and that the whole system is in the highest degree artificial and complicated, we can understand why the lawyer becomes a necessary evil and a tol-

erated nuisance. But why shouldn't one intelligent citizen understand the nature of money, as well as another?

The only mystery about it is that which the financiers make. We need not be their dupes and victims always unless we deliberately choose to be so. If we will simply realize that nature produces no such thing as money, and that man himself has to create it, we start at the alphabet of the money question and should find no difficulty in learning to read the riddle of finance.

God did not put the dollar-mark on anything in nature, any more than He put the branding iron on horses and cows.

To select some substance which should represent *value in exchange*, a general agreement was essential. In some parts of the world, the agreement was to use shells; in others, beads; in others cattle; in others peltry; in others, tobacco; in others, bits of metal.

When the substance had been agreed on, it circulated as money. The creature of convention, it served every purpose of those who had made the agreement.

Afterwards, when men formed states and governed themselves by laws, the establishment of a currency system became a matter of law.

There was gold and silver in ancient Sparta, but they were not money. *Iron* was money there, *because the law* so decreed.

God did not put metals and linen and paper into the form of money, any more than He put trees in the form of planks, shingles and scantling, or put wood in the form of cloth, or put beeves in the form of steak. In the early ages of the world there was absolutely no such thing as money and no urgent necessity for it. As long as one piece of property could be conveniently bartered for another, nobody wanted anything better. It was only after men had multiplied, and barter became inconvenient that the necessity of some common representative of value to use in making exchanges was felt.

In the Roman commonwealth there was much gold and iron but neither of the two was money. Silver was the money of the Roman republic *because* the law so decreed. It was not until Caesar became supreme that gold, as well as silver, was made a money metal. In China there was much gold, silver and iron, but neither of the three was money. Copper was selected *by law*, and for that reason, and none other, Chinese money was of copper.

Later, as commerce expanded it became inconvenient for buyers and sellers, lenders and spenders to carry about with them the large sums of metallic money necessary to their transactions,—hence a demand for currency of linen or paper.

Every society, every state has the right to establish a money-system because it is absolutely essential that it should have one. We cannot conceive of an organized society of the modern sort without one. Therefore, it must be true that the men who makes the state have just as much right to select those substances which shall be used for money as they ever had. Nobody contends that the ancient peoples did not have the right to agree to the use of shells, and beads, and tobacco, and the hides

of wild animals. Neither can it be denied that we ourselves have the same right to agree on the substances which shall constitute our money.

Instead of common consent, as in olden times, we put our agreement in the form of statutes enacted by those who represent us. We agree that coins of gold, silver, copper and nickel shall be used as money. Why cannot we as readily agree on *paper?*

Here is where the financier starts to juggle, and to work off his tricks upon the uninitiated.

The financier claims that the substance which we agree to use as the representative of value must itself possess what he calls intrinsic value to the full extent of the face value of the coin. In other words, a "dollar" in silver must be worth a dollar, in the market, as silver bullion. The twenty-dollar gold piece must be worth, in the market, twenty dollars, as bullion.

This contention is the foundation upon which the financiers of the world have reared their stupendous structure of fraud, imposture and colossal profit-taking.

By committing governments to the "intrinsic value" theory, the financiers most effectually confine the creation of money to the precious metals, for it is manifestly impossible to use the heavier and cheaper metals. To limit the teeming millions of the world to the use of gold and silver would be bad enough, but when the laws are so manipulated in the interests of the financiers that gold becomes the standard of value and therefore the money of final payment, the mastery of the financier is, indeed, world-wide and irresistible.

Having committed the nations of earth to the "intrinsic value" dogma, and having restricted the eventual measurer of that value to one metal, these cunning priests of finance can hold mankind in subjection to their system and live in splendid luxury off the lavish tribute of worshipping devotees.

Think of Kings of enlightened peoples besieging the doors of private financiers, pleading for loans of money!

Think of our own republic of 85,000,000 people mastered as we are on this matter of money by a handful of financiers.

That a government should be at the mercy of any class of its citizens, financially, is as unnatural and disgraceful as it would be were we compelled to surrender to these same men the right to collect taxes, transport the mails, and take charge of the army and navy. A sovereign who surrenders his inherent right to create money out of whatever substance he chooses, abdicates an attribute of sovereignty just as patently and wrongfully as though he had surrendered to private individuals the sovereign right to levy and collect taxes, to make war and peace, to negotiate treaties and to make and execute laws.

The high-priests of finance have hypnotized the nations into separating the sovereign right to create money from the other attributes of sovereignty, and this is the explanation of the fact that the money-king is King of Kings.

The intrinsic value theory fastened upon monarch and subject alike makes the Rothschilds and the Morgans the tribute-takers of the whole world.

By means of the intrinsic value theory, the financiers limit the supply of money to two of the least plentiful metals. Of course, it must be apparent to every one that the smaller the supply of money, the easier the task of controlling it. Every trust is built upon the possibility of controlling the supply. The Money Trust is built upon precisely the same principles as the Steel Trust. Give to financiers the possibility of cornering the supply of money, and the same thing occurs as happens in the Stock Exchange when the supply of wheat or the supply of cotton is cornered. By fastening the governments of the world to the intrinsic value theory, the high-priests of finance logically compel the use of the precious metals. The supply of these being limited, they secure control of that supply, and thus become masters of those improvident governments which have abandoned their inherent right to create money.

The highest court of Great Britain, in a case where this principle was involved, declared: "The right of issuing notes for the payment of money, as part of the circulating medium, seems to follow from the right to create money belonging to the supreme power in every state. This right is not confined to the issue of portions of the precious metals of intrinsic value according to their weight and fineness, but under it portions of grosser metals, or of other substances, may be made to represent varying amounts of gold and silver, for which they may pass current.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Haig against Powers, it was held: "Money is the medium of exchange—the standard, or representative, of all commercial values. It is that which men receive in exchange and in satisfaction of labor and its various products; and whether by its intrinsic value or otherwise it is the standard of value by which alone they are all measured.

*Gold and silver are not actual money, any more than any other metal, product, or fabric. They are made so by law only.* Metals become money by the force and operation of law alone.

The power to create money is clearly one of the attributes of governmental sovereignty, and may be exercised wherever it is deemed necessary or proper by the sovereign power."

One may search the history of the world in vain to find a precedent for the financial system which the high-priests of the money power have fastened upon modern Europe. The records show that it was not until the time of the most dissolute of Stuart Kings that the money-class succeeded in persuading a government to abdicate in favor of private financiers the sovereign function of creating money. Previous to the time of Charles the Second, it had always been one of the worst proofs of chaotic confusion in the state when the great feudal lords claimed and exercised the right of private coinage. It was always the surest indication of the return of national strength and good order when the sovereign power of the state took back to itself the function of creating

money, sternly forbidding the private coinage of any kind of metal or other substance intended to be used as currency.

Alexander Del Mar, formerly Director of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, in one of his extremely valuable works on "Money," describes how the goldsmith class of London bribed the mistress of Charles the Second, the notorious Barbara Villiers, to decoy her royal lover into sanctioning a scheme which gave to the East India Company and to the goldsmith class, practical control of the royal mint. The law by which this was done is known as the "Mint Act of 1666," and the bribe which the Villiers woman was to receive is named in the Act.

The "joker" in this Act was a clause which was so framed that the goldsmith class and the East India Company obtained almost absolute control of the supply of money. This abdication of the sovereign power in favor of a class of private citizens was followed up in 1677 by a further concession and surrender which allowed the East India Company itself to coin money out of gold, silver, copper and lead, stamping it with its own stamp instead of with the stamp of the King. Previous to this, no such abdication of the royal function was ever known in the history of the world.

This infamous transaction, in which the high-priests of finance used one of the worst of women to influence one of the worst of men, *was the beginning of our modern financial slavery.*

When the Constitution of the United States was framed, our forefathers intended that every attribute of government should stay where it belonged,—namely, with the government.

The sovereign states delegated to the central government every attribute of sovereignty. The states themselves had never, for a moment, surrendered to private citizens or corporations the tremendous power of creating money. It never could have entered into the minds of those who represented the states in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 to place the great central government upon a lower plane than they themselves had held. Consequently, they granted to the Federal Government the royal functions of making peace and war; of levying, collecting and disbursing taxes; of controlling national and foreign commerce; of making and enforcing laws, of creating and filling offices, of establishing and controlling an army and navy, and of creating money.

According to the construction placed upon the Constitution by the Supreme Court of the United States, the Federal Government has the inherent right to create money at any time, out of any substance which it chooses to use, and to any amount which it considers judicious.

By express terms the States deny to themselves the right to make anything else excepting gold and silver a legal tender in the payment of debts, yet to-day we have the astonishing spectacle of the Federal Government granting to 6,000 national bankers a tremendous royal prerogative, which the Federal Government cannot concede to the forty-six sovereign states.

Was any such anomaly ever before seen in the history of government? Was there ever any proof more startling of the despotic and ruinous power of the high-priests of finance? Think of private corpora-

tions called national banks vested with unlimited power to do that which the Constitution says the States themselves must not be trusted to do.

At the close of the Civil War, we had upwards of $2,200,000,000 of paper currency. This currency was based on the wealth and strength of the entire nation. As population and business increased this volume of currency should have been increased. Gold and silver being uncertain, the Government of all countries should see to it that the amount of money in circulation bears some reasonable proportion to population and commerce.

Money is a commercial instrument whose duty it is to enable the world to transact business. Logically, therefore, the amount of money in circulation should bear some relation to the amount of work which it is intended to do. That is, the volume of money in actual circulation should bear some proportion to the volume of commerce.

Now, when the Civil War was over, the armies disbanded, and the industries of the country taking their first great leap upward, it is obvious that the Government should have kept its eye on the vast increase of production and of commerce and should have proportionately increased the volume of currency, from year to year.

*Just the reverse was done.*

As population increased, the supply of money was diminished. As commerce expanded, the tool of exchange—*money*—was shortened.

As the *demand* for money became greater, the *supply* was made less.

Incredible to relate, the Government had no sooner conquered the seceding States and forced them back into the Union than it began to wage deadly war upon the producers of the entire republic.

*The Government went into the money-burning business.*

It supplied itself with the necessary furnaces and, in Washington City, the currency of the country to the extent of *eighteen hundred millions of dollars* was deliberately, designedly, wickedly *burnt.*

Why was this done?

Because the bankers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia demanded it.

And why did they demand it?

Because they had *cornered the coin* of the country, by means of the Exception Clause, and because *they* had got all the bonds by means of the greenbacks which the Exception Clause had depreciated, and *now* they wanted all other kinds of paper currency destroyed, *in order that coin and bank paper might rule.*

And they had their way.

Both the old parties actively aided the bankers in consummating their conspiracy against the legitimate industries of the country.

The paper currency of the Government was almost entirely destroyed, and as the volume of currency shrank, *through the burning process*, prices fell, business failures multiplied, and the republic went through an era of Hard Times.

At first the obligations of the Government, which the bankers had increased as much as possible, were payable *in lawful money.*

Then they forced Congress to change "lawful money" to *coin.*

Then they changed the contract again, and made it payable in *gold.*

They got the bonds *with greenbacks which they had purposely depreciated, with the Exception Clause.*

Then they *more than doubled their money* on the bonds by compelling Congress *to change the money of payment.*

And at every step in this series of atrocious crimes against the people, *both* the old parties were the pliant tools of the conspirators.

In reaching their goal, the bankers and speculators not only dragged the country through several periods of depression and stringency, but brought upon it the Panics of 1873 and 1893.

Having contracted the money of final payment to *gold,* and having *cornered* the gold, the remorseless Money Kings worked so triumphantly upon a servile Congress that the Secretary of the Treasury was ordered to deliver over to these favored bankers the revenues which the Government raises by taxation.

All the Custom House receipts must go directly to these National Bankers. The Internal Revenue taxes find their way to the same vaults. The net result is that the conspirators are compelling the Government to overtax the people in order that a lot of New York speculators may have money to gamble on!

The Government has a surplus—*on paper.* And it has a deficit—*in reality.*

Why has it a surplus?

Because it over-taxes the people.

And why has it a deficit?

Because it has loaned the money to those New York banks, *and cannot get it back!*

At this very moment, the National Banks have *more than one hundred and eighty million dollars* of public money, raised by taxation, and *the Government is in desperate need of it to pay operating expenses!*

Why did the panic come?

(1) Because the volume of real money was being decreased during a long period in which population and commerce increased.

(2) Because Government currency had been destroyed and bank paper put in its place.

(3) Because the law of "Reserves" had been sneaked through Congress, by the aid of both the old parties, by means of which the money of the country had first been drawn into the big cities, and then by another twist of the reserve law *drawn chiefly to New York.*

Now, consider the situation which the politicians of the two dominant parties have aided the New York thieves to bring about:

First, they burn the Government's own currency.

Second, they abdicate in favor of the national banks the sovereign function of supplying the country with money.

Third, they change the contract made with the bondholders and allow those speculators on the necessities of their country to more than double the value of their investment.

Fourth, they violate the Constitution and establish the Single Gold Standard, thus narrowing the basis upon which all credit currency must necessarily rest.

Sixth, they not only allow the national bankers to use, free of charge, the credit of the Government in their business, but practically all of its surplus cash, as well.

Seventh, they pass laws which draw all the loanable funds of the country into New York.

Eighth, they permit the bankers to inflate the currency with various kinds of bank paper, until the financial system looks like a church turned bottom-upwards and resting on the steeple.

Ninth, they have so little real money afloat that *less than one billion dollars* is available for the business transactions of 85,000,000 people, worth at least $120,000,000, and doing a yearly business which is so vast that the human mind can hardly grasp it.

Then, one day, *somebody demanded actual cash*—and the church which had been nicely balanced on the tip of the steeple, *lost its balance* —and great was the crash thereof as it fell over.

Once upon a time, those who put their money into a bank, for safe-keeping until they wanted it, were supposed to have some rights.

This may sound like a tough yarn, but it's a fact.

The depositor was once regarded as a right decent sort of fellow, and the law made motions as though it wanted to protect him from thieves, speculators, stock-gamblers, forcible borrowers, and other speckled varieties of latter-day financiers.

With an eye to the protection of the depositor—a weak, filmy, watery eye, I admit—the law solemnly requested the bankers to maintain a certain amount of money where they could lay hands on it, at any time, so that if a depositor wanted a few dollars of his own money, he could get cash, instead of soap-wrappers.

At that time, the rogues' device of Clearing House Certificates had not entered the head of those scoundrels of New York, who first forced that nasty stuff into circulation and set an evil example which others followed.

By the National Bank Act, each national bank is required to keep a reserve, in lawful money, to the extent of a certain per cent. of its deposits and circulation.

In some cities, named in the act, the reserve of actual money required to be kept on hand, is twenty-five per cent.; in others, fifteen per cent.

But the Act further provides that three-fifths of this fifteen per cent. may consist of a balance due to these banks by the banks of St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Albany, Leavenworth, San Francisco, Washington City.

See how cleverly these schemers go about getting all the available money of the country into a few big cities!

But that isn't the worst of it. After the money has been drawn into these various "reserve cities," it must then be drawn into one big pond —New York.

Section 32 of the National Bank act provides, that one-half of the reserves required to be kept by these banks of the big cities may consist of deposits in the New York banks.

There you have it—a cleverly devised net work of canals which convey the currency, first into many big cities, and then into one.

And yet we marvel that everybody should have to bow down to New York and go to her, on our knees, *BEGGING FOR SOME OF OUR OWN MONEY!*

We are fools enough to vote our financial independence away, and then marvel at our chains.

We first say, by law, that the national banker shall be our financial master, and then we wonder at our slavery.

When these national banks came back to Congress, in 1903, to have their charters renewed for another twenty years, not a single Republican raised a voice of protest.

And not a single Democrat had the spunk and the patriotism to remind the country that the Democratic party, as now organized, owed its first great victory to the fight which Andrew Jackson waged upon this very question of national banks.

THE OLD DEMOCRATIC PARTY WAS OPPOSED TO THIS KIND OF DEMOCRACY

# The Mission of the Reformer

In his magnificent essay on Dryden, James Russell Lowell, discussing eighteenth century conditions, remarks that "men sat roomily in their consciences" and that "Responsibility for the Universe had not been invented."

The Yankee poet, grown rich and great, evidently sympathised with the easy-going eighteenth century, and appeared to regret the passing away of the era when men's consciences allowed them to dwell at ease in Zion, regardless of what was taking place in the world about them.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

According to Mr. Lowell, the eigtheenth century answered, No. The rule was "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

Governments were operated with an eye single to the benefit of the few who controlled the machine. To every demand for reform the answer was, *"Let it be.* Don't make any change. It was good enough for our fathers: it is good enough for us: let things remain as they are."

The statute-book might reek with injustice: the administration might be rotten to the core, the cry of the oppressed might rise from every foul dungeon, the screams of the martyr might ring out from amid the flames, the chains of social and industrial slavery might clank in every clime under the sun, but to every appeal for reformation the rulers, with one accord, answered *"Let it be."*

"Met sat roomily in their consciences" and "Responsibility for the Universe" was an unknown invention. So says Mr. Lowell—a very great magnate in literature. But I doubt whether any such condition as Mr. Lowell describes ever existed. I cannot bring myself to believe that for any considerable time the world was ever totally lacking in men and women who felt responsible for their fellow men. In the wanderings of the human race, seeking always and everywhere the Promised Land of better conditions, I cannot believe that the cloud was ever wholly absent from the heavens by day or the pillar of fire by night.

The sacred band which hands down the torch of truth and progress from age to age,—I cannot believe that the line of the true was ever broken or the sacred torch extinguished. In the hour of the greatest national debasement throughout the past, history notes the presence of the splendid few who would not bend the neck to tyranny of any kind, and literature preserves the inspired thought and the burning word of the men who dreampt of better things even when the worst prevailed.

At the very time of which Mr. Lowell writes, so far were all men from sitting roomily in their consciences and denying the doctrine of Responsibility, that John Huss and Jerome of Prague had already been fed to the flames of religious persecution—flames which were to light the feet of Luther toward universal religious freedom! Already the pen of

Locke and of Sydney were tracing the creed of political liberty in Great Britain. Already the wandering and despised Rousseau was putting to paper the dynamic ideas which were to rive to their very foundations the battlements of a hoary feudalism.

But while we may not agree as to conditions in the ages that are gone, there can be no doubt as to conditions which prevail in our own times.

Men no longer sit roomily within their consciences: Responsibility for the Universe *has* been invented. And all over the world the invention is in active operation. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Modern society answers, "Yes. I am my brother's keeper. And woe unto me if seeing him naked I clothe him not." We no longer expect angels on white horses to lead our reform hosts to victory. The flaming sword of Omnipotence will not slay social dragons for us, and we know it. If Truth is to be heard, ours are the tongues that must give it voice. If Charity is to gladden the heart of the suffering, ours are the feet which must run its errands. If Right is to rule instead of Wrong, ours are the hands that must lift its buckler and sword.

Said Lord Donald Rea to Sir David Ramsay; "Well, God mend all." "Nay, by God, Donald, we must help Him to mend it!"—cried Sir David

There spoke the modern reformer.

To men such as was Mr. Lowell, we must grant the privilege of regretting the good old times when every sort of abuse could frighten off the reformer with the frown of custom, of authority, and with the sneering inquiry, "What business is it of yours?" I glory in the fact that I live at an era when it is everybody's business to see that everything is done right: when reasonable and legitimate criticism of abuses and wrongs owes no apology, and makes none: when publicity is a national institution: and when even the chronic fault-finder is esteemed as a good citizen, whose virtue has only become slightly soured.

For the creed of today is, that *none of us may shirk responsibility.* If, seeing things go wrong, I do not speak out, I am a moral coward, or I am lacking in love or race and country. Duty demands that I do my part, by word or deed, in the sublime work of bettering the world in which I live. Modern civilization has pledged itself to this high and holy purpose: ignorance and superstition shall keep no obscene lairs within sight of church or school: vice and crime shall make no dens within earshot of judge and jury: and nowhere in this great globe shall wrong—govermental or other,—erect a fortress which Right shall not storm and batter down.

Such is the creed—the doctrine universally accepted, universally preached. What of the practice?

Alas! that there should be so vast a difference between promise and performance, between effort and result. But what canvas ever imprisoned in color half the glow of the artist's dream? What chisel ever wrought from yielding marble the loveliness which was at once the sculptor's inspiration and despair? Touch me with magic wand, oh mystic chords of melody until earth and things earthly drop away from me

as my spirit soars above the clouds—but the music which enraptures my simple soul was as nothing to those exquisite strains which fell sweet and faint upon the Master's ear, and eluded his touch forever. What orator ever found words for his loftiest thought? What poet ever set to rhyme his divinest passion? What statesman ever worked out his system just as he conceived it?

And so, the ideal to which modern civilization aspires looms far above us and beyond us; and in our race toward perfection our falls are as frequent as they are painful. The cynic finds many a pretext for his jeer: the honest reformer many a cause for his discouragement.

We have dotted the land with churches and schoolhouses? Yes: but ignorance yet lies heavy upon city and town and hamlet. Laws have grown better and institutions more liberal? Yes: but vice revels in all the alleys and Authority is too often the silent partner of crime. Charities abound as never before? Yes: but the rags of the pauper flutter in every wind and the cry of hunger is never hushed.

We send the missionary to all heathen lands? Yes. But the missionary is too often the pioneer of the land-grabber. And to those benighted countries we seem to be sending as many guns as Bibles, as many jugs as prayer-books: and before we put the pagan on the road to paradise we too often pick his pocket.

May the day soon come when we will take less interest in smokeless powder and long-range guns than in new schools, new hospitals, new homes for the old and the poor. May the day dawn when the sight of a contented, educated, sober and industrious workman, going steadily to his task in shop or field, mine or mill or quarry will thrill us with a truer pleasure than to see the same man enrolled as a soldier, fattened at public expense, and taught that the great business of life is to fill a uniform and to shoot somebody.

May the time come when the preachers of the gospel of peace will be ashamed to put the sign of the cross upon banners which drip with human blood.

May the time come when the pen of the law-makers will no longer be used as the most effective weapon of the robber: when the machinery of government will not be used by the few to plunder and oppress the many; when the affairs of men, in private and in public, in great things and in small, will shape themselves by that Golden Rule which after all, simply says to us, "Get Right, stay right, and *do* right."

# Bryan and the Bennett Will

Once upon a time a man of the name of Philo S. Bennett fell head over heels in love with William J. Bryan. Bennett was already a rich man, and Bryan was most eager to become one. Bennett was an ardent Free Silver man, just as Bryan was; and Bennett was just as savagely bent upon bringing dire disaster to the Money-power as Bryan was.

Carried away by his enthusiasm for the Cross-of-gold orator—the handsome, dashing, dauntless paladin who was never to sheathe his falchion until he had beaten the National banks and the British gold standard into abject submission,—the said Philo S. Bennett, of New Haven, Connecticut, determined to do something very substantial for the great champion of the common people.

In March, 1897, said Philo S. gave to the said William J. the neat sum of $3,000. A proud, manly man *never* likes to accept gifts of money, or other valuable stuff, from another. All properly reared children were once taught never to ask for gifts and not, as a rule, to accept them.

As a general thing, the acceptance of a gift of money from another decidedly smacks of unmanliness. Mr. Bryan was making large profits off his paper, and was in great demand as a lecturer. He was able to secure high prices for newspaper articles which would have been thrown into the waste-basket, had they been offered gratuitously by an obscure author.

Therefore, the Bennett gift was not made to relieve financial distress, or to meet some pressing demand. It was just a straight-out donation, made by an infatuated old man and accepted by a grasping young one.

In March, 1898, Mr. Bennett gave Mr. Bryan another $3,000; next March a similar gift; and, in March, 1900, another $3,000. This brought the sum total up to $12,000. Then Mr. Bryan met Mr. Bennett in New York later in 1900, and the Connecticut admirer gave the Peerless $500 more.

Mr. Bryan himself swore to these facts, during the trial of the Bennett will case.

This litigation grew out of the fact that Bennett, while on a visit to the Bryan home, in Lincoln, Nebraska, requested the Peerless to draw up the "last will and testament" of him, the said Philo.

Now we think that most gentlemen would have felt a delicacy in complying with such a request. Mr. Bryan felt none. The young host, with cheerful alacrity, sat himself down in his own house, and

wrote the will of his guest, in which instrument the guest made the scrivener and host a testamentary bequest of $50,000.

Then Mrs. Bryan made a typewritten copy of the will; and the placard on the wall, "God bless our home," shone with unwonted lustre.

Poor old Philo!—he got killed in a railway accident not so very long afterwards, and the Peerless stepped forward, wearing one of his sweetest smiles in addition to his other duds, and requested Philo's bereaved widow to fork over that $50,000.

With considerable acridity and unreasonable obstinacy, the widow Bennett refused to surrender to Bryan the bulk of the estate of her dear departed. On the contrary she held on to it with a grim, New England tenacity which no Bryanite blandishments could relax.

Whereupon the Peerless went to war with this "widow woman," and she routed him all along the line. It was good luck for her that Bryan himself drew up the will, instead of sending the infatuated Philo to some competent lawyer. Bryan never was a lawyer to hurt, and he couldn't even get the Bennett will properly fixed, although he had such a pile as $50,000 at stake.

So the courts, low and high, knocked the Bennett will to pieces, and Bryan had the mortification of seeing the dead man's estate go where it belonged,—to his widow and family connections.

The story of this affair is not taken from hearsay, nor from Bryan's enemies: it is based upon his sworn testimony at the trial of the case.

We think it a convincing evidence of the very great kindness with which the press have always treated Mr. Bryan that so little has ever been published about his conduct throughout the Bennett affair. It was certainly most discreditable to him—but not more so than that he should pretend not to know that his brother *got and apparently kept* $15,000 of the money of Ryan and Belmont in 1904.

# The Wise Man and the Silly King

## THE WISE MAN

Have you read of the Seven Wise Men of Greece?

One of these was Solon. Towering above the common run of men in natural capacity and in service to the state, he was made the chief magistrate of his people.

So great was the esteem in which he was held, that he could have become king, could have founded a dynasty, perhaps; and thus handed down to his descendants the power which the people had entrusted to him.

Instead of this, he thought only of the public welfare. He was so much of a *man,* so clear in his ideas of true glory, and true nobility, *real* worth, that he counted as nothing the accumulation of money and the holding of office.

Therefore, when Solon, as law-giver of Athens, had reformed the abuses of which the people complained; had broken up the monopoly of wealth and power which the few had grasped for themselves; had put back into the hands of the people the reins of government, he went away into foreign lands, leaving Athens free.

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How did Solon restore democracy to the people of his country?

By vesting in the popular assembly the final word as to laws and as to judicial decisions.

In our day, Mr. Eltweed Pomeroy would call *this* the *Referendum;* and the average Congressman and judge would have to ask somebody what Mr. Pomeroy meant by *Referendum.*

The *Initiative* in legislation, Solon vested in a Council of State, to which the lowest order of citizens had the right to send one hundred delegates. The other three orders sent each a like number. Thus the lowest order had a *share in* the Initiative, and they had *absolute control* of the Referendum.

Moreover, any citizen whomsoever could at any time bring any offender, public or private, before the popular assembly and have any alleged breach of law passed upon by the people.

Thus, you see, the humblest man in the State could compel the proudest to come before the mass-meeting of the people and give an account of himself.

In practice, this probably amounted to the same thing as would be accomplished by what is now known as the *Imperative Mandate and Right of Recall.*

Such was Solon's idea of democracy, 2,500 years ago. We have so far lost our knowledge of what self-government is, that in 1892, the Democratic Chairman of the Judiciary Committee turned to me in the House of Representatives and asked, *"Watson, what in the hell does your party mean by this here Initiative and Referendum?"*

By giving the popular assembly the right to pass on the conduct of citizens, to pass on the decisions of judges, *democracy was made supreme.*

The people ruled themselves *in fact* as well as theory.

Fool decisions got knocked in the head. High-rolling rascals were brought to taw. Common sense got a chance to be heard, and common right an opportunity to assert itself. Corrupt judges could not make decisions which shocked gods and men, without running against the wrath of an outraged people.

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Solon effected another great reform.

He found his country brutalized by the bloody Code of Draco. The punishment of death was inflicted with frightful facility. Even *idleness* was punished with death.

In fact, Athens was about as barbarous as the England of two hundred years ago, when more than *one hundred* crimes were punishable by death.

One of these *crimes* was the shooting of wild animals, game, in a nobleman's park. Another was the cutting down of a tree therein. Another was the larceny of linen from a bleach field.

Solon did for Athens what Samuel Romilly and Henry Brougham did for England—humanized its criminal laws and thus humanized the people.

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Yet another reform this great Democrat accomplished.

He found the finance in the control of the few. These greedy seekers of gain had so fixed the laws that in the race of life the poor man had no chance against the rich. The laws all favored the creditor class. The debtor class was kept under the wheels. The situation had become so bad that a revolution was about to break out.

The masses of the people will endure a great deal—are wonderfully patient under tyranny and robbery when the tyrant and the robber can give to his crimes the sanction of a written statute.

But there is a *limit.* Man is an animal, after all, and when driven too far, he breaks through the shell which civilization has molded round him, and he becomes again the fierce brute he used to be when he lived in the woods and ate raw meat.

At Athens, the creditor class had almost got to the dead line.

Solon with one sweep of his pen relieved the tension, and saved his country.

How?

*By cheapening money.*

The historian says, *he depreciated the currency.*

What he did was this: he found that the existing supply of money had been gathered into the hands of the few. Therefore, money was hard to get. Therefore, *the demand* for money constantly increased. Therefore, *the price* of money constantly rose. Therefore, debts were harder to pay at maturity than they had been when contracted. The poor debtor had to buy money to pay his debts with; and the amount of labor or of property required to buy enough money to pay the debts grew greater and greater all the time.

This was unjust. *Solon expanded the currency;* that is, he increased the supply of money. In the language of to-day, money-sharks had "cornered" the market, and Solon smashed the "corner."

He also lowered the rate of interest on loans, and abolished imprisonment for debt. The result of these reforms was most happy. Debtors found that *more money* meant *cheaper money,* and were thus saved from ruin; whereas the creditors lost nothing but an unfair advantage which they had been harshly using to oppress their fellow-men.

When a true Democrat of this day offers a similar remedy for similar abuses, he is howled at from ocean to ocean, and called a crank, a fanatic, a demagogue.

Solon, the ruler and law-giver of Athens, was just such a crank, fanatic and demagogue, *twenty-five hundred years ago!*

And yet Professor Wildman, who teaches our boys political economy in the University of Missouri, has written a book to show that *"Expansion Movements"* are modern things, confined chiefly to ignorant classes who are in debt, and that these expansion movements are *"social maladies!"* which must be treated like epidemics.

## THE SILLY KING

In those days there lived a certain king whose name became a synonym for riches, just as the name of Solon became the synonym for wisdom.

This king was Croesus, and he ruled over a country called Lydia, in Asia Minor, an exceedingly rich and fertile country.

In the eyes of Croesus there was nothing so beautiful as gold, silver and precious stones. In his philosophy, the purpose of living was to get rich. Money, according to his belief, was the all in all: whoever had the greatest amount of money was necessarily the happiest man, the strongest man, the man to be most loved, feared, courted, and admired.

So the Lydian king bethought him not of just laws, honest administration, nor the welfare of his subjects, and of future generations! Neither was he diligent in the seeking after knowledge nor in the study of the problems, "What makes a state? What is true prosperity? What is real strength? What is the right road to happiness? What are the things which a man should do all the days of his life, with whatever might the gods have given him, in order that when the evening is here he

may look with serene and fearless eyes upon the shadows that come creeping on, creeping on, to throw the shroud of eternal night over him?"

No; Croesus gave no thought to such things.

Far and wide he sought gold, silver, precious stones. Day after day, year after year, Croesus heaped up gold, silver, precious stones.

By fair means or foul, by straight ways and crooked, by lawful methods and lawless, Croesus added talent after talent until his treasury was choked with gold.

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And it came to pass that the King of Lydia prided himself upon his wealth more than upon any other thing that he possessed.

He did not claim that he was the wisest man, nor the strongest man, nor the bravest man, nor the noblest man, nor the most industrious man, nor the most useful man. He did not pride himself upon having the best mind, body, character, or purpose. He did not boast of anything that he could think, speak, write, or do, that was *better* than what other men could think, speak, write, or do.

He simply thought that he was the happiest, greatest man on earth because he had scraped together a larger quantity of a certain sort of metal than any other living man.

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So it came to pass that whenever a traveler of distinction reached Sardis, the capital of Lydia, the king would take the traveler to see his treasure,—his gold, silver, and precious stones.

When the traveler came into the treasure-house, and looked upon those vast heaps of riches, greater than he had ever dreamed of before, his hands would, of course, fly up, and his eyes open out, and his mouth spring apart and he would make exclamation of wonder, admiration, and reverence which would cause the silly king to chuckle and chortle and puff himself up with unspeakable pleasure and pride.

Then as the traveler went upon his way into other lands, he would naturally tell the tale to all whom he met—the wondrous tale of Croesus and his gold.

Thus the fame of Croesus waxed exceedingly great in all the countries round about.

Of course, Croesus had counted upon that result when he showed the travelers his treasures. He wanted to be talked about as the richest man in the world—as the man who was happier, better, and greater than any other man because he had more wealth than any other man.

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*What* did Croesus intend to do with all this treasure?

He did not know. He had never given a thought to *that*. His purpose was to keep on getting it—more, *more*, *MORE* and ever *MORE*—until he had the greatest fortune in the world.

Then what?

Go on getting more and *more* and *MORE!*

There never was a definite plan or purpose in his head beyond *the getting* of the money. *What to do with it,* after he got it, was a mere irrelevant, non-germane question, not to be considered or tolerated for a moment.

Drive on and *on* and *ON*: get more and *more* and *MORE*:—that was the purpose of Croesus.

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And it came to pass that Solon, in the course of his travels, came to Sardis, and he was received as an honored guest at the court of the king—for Solon's renown as a ruler and a sage had gone abroad into many foreign lands.

In the midst of that brilliant court, in the palace of the king, Solon was the same man that he had been at home, unabashed, clear-eyed, sensible, courageous, strong in his glorious *manhood.* His eyes were not dazzled by the glitter of gems, his spirit was not over-awed by the display of power, his intelligence was not imposed upon by the pompous display of royal grandeur.

Swelling with self-complacency at the fine show that his palace and his court presented to the Greek, the king asked him, "Have you ever seen a happier man than myself?"

With great composure and impoliteness, Solon answered, "Yes. It was a man named Tellus,—a plain, substantial citizen of Athens, who begot valuable children, supported his family in comfort by honest toil, and died gloriously in the defense of his country."

How this impolite reply to the king's question must have scandalized the courtiers and shocked the king!

But Croesus decided to give the Greek one more trial, so he asked:

"Well, after Tellus, have you ever known a happier man than I?"

Solon, as composed and impolite as ever, replied, "Yes. There were two brothers, Cleobis and Biton, famous for the affection in which they held each other, and for their loving and dutiful behavior toward their mother. One day when she was to go to the temple to worship, the oxen were not ready to be yoked to the cart, and these devoted sons put themselves in harness and drew their mother, amid the acclamations of the people, to Juno's temple. After the sacrifice, they drank a cheerful cup with their friends, and then laid down to rest. They rose no more—having expired during the night, without sorrow or pain, in the midst of their glory."

Croesus was displeased, sorely displeased. Plain speech delights not the ear of silly kings, or silly courtiers, or silly subjects. But Croesus had one resource left: he would show Solon his treasure.

*Then* he would flatter; *then* he would fawn; *then* he would see what a mistake he had made in not declaring Croesus to be the happiest of men.

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So they led Solon into the treasure chamber, and showed him the vast accumulation of gold, silver, and precious stones—wealth lying there-

idle; wealth which had come from all parts of the world; wealth which had once been the possession of thousands of others; wealth which denied the comforts of life to *the many* in order that *the one* should have more than he could ever need.

Very cooly Solon looked upon the heaps of gold, in no wise overcome, his clear eyes seeing all things in their true relation as before—*which is the thing we call Wisdom.*

To the proud and silly king, he said,

"If one comes against you who has *better iron* than you, this gold will soon be his."

When Solon departed from Sardis he probably left behind him the worst name that the silly king and the silly courtiers knew how to give to one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece—to one of the noblest men who ever worked for the betterment of the condition of his fellow-men.

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What was the meaning of Solon?

By *iron,* he meant weapons of war; and, of course, the best *men* best wield the weapons of war.

Solon meant that mere wealth did not make a king or a nation great and strong, happy or truly prosperous. He had already said to his own people of Athens,

> "Thine own sons, O Athens, are thy fate,
> And, *slaves to gain,* destroy the unconquered state."

Solon's prophecy came true in both cases.

Cyrus, rushing down from the highlands of Media and Persia, followed by hardy mountaineers, *having better iron than Croesus,* scattered the feeble troops of the feeble king *and took his gold.*

And Athens, having become a slave to gain, lost her strength, sinking into the same wealth-loving decadence which prepared for Cyrus his conquest over Croesus.

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In our own country we are making the same fatal mistake about gold, about money, about wealth.

The nation's pride is its stock of gold, the greatest on earth.

The individual's pride is in his stock of gold; and we rank the citizen in the order of the answers to, *"What's he worth?"*

We are nursing the insane delusion that because our fortunes, individual, corporate and national, are the largest ever known, we are the strongest, greatest people in the world.

What madness, what folly! The deadliest weakness of our system, our nation, is this same gold, this same wealth.

For the man is blind, blind, blind, who does not see that, in proportion that you take from the common stock the unequal shares which Carnegie gets, you have left the numbers of the unequal shares that the sweat-shop worker gets.

Show me a Rockefeller fortune, and I will show you, as its logical, inevitable offset, a million men who have never a surplus dollar to lay by.

We are weakening the masses to create Ryans and Morgans. We are grinding up thousands of children, the seed-corn, to produce a dozen millionaires, when these twelve millionaires, *as men,* may be less valuable to the state than any *twelve of those children* would have been.

In order that some department store may amass a fortune for its owner, poor girls are paid five dollars per week; and when the girl complains that she cannot live on five dollars a week—in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, or New York—she is told, with a cynicism that might abash the devil and cause a shudder throughout hell, *"Get you a gentleman friend!"*

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Lee Meriwether, special agent of the U. S. Department of Labor, made diligent investigation of the conditions of the working classes, both in Europe and America.

His reports and his books are extremely valuable.

From his book called, "The Tramp at Home," I quote (page 16):

"Molly Smith went and told our boss she couldn't live on her wages; she was all the time hungry, and in the winter all the time cold.

He said to Molly:

'You are a pretty girl; why don't you get a young gentleman friend to help you?' That made Molly mad. She flew up and talked back, and got turned off. It was the dead of winter. She was took sick because she had no fire, and—well I don't know just how it happened. All I know is, most any night, they say, *you can see Molly on the Bowery.* She never comes nigh us any more."

Molly had been a factory girl. Factories are protected from foreign competition, you know, in order that they may be able to pay big wages to American labor. Molly had been getting $3.90 per week for her work in the factory. Out of this she had to pay room-rent and supply herself with food, clothing, fire, and all other necessaries of life.

Mr. Meriwether made systematic investigation in several of the big cities and came to the conclusion that a large percentage of the fallen women were graduates from the shop-girl class, who had tried to live on their pitiful wages and simply couldn't.

Mr. Meriwether's lady assistant was sent by him to make experiments in person with employers. "In some places the manager bluntly said, 'You are not good-looking enough.' At other places where the need of new hands was more pressing, "I was offered," she reports, *"three dollars per week."*

She remonstrated:

"But I cannot live on three dollars. My car fare will be sixty cents. I live four miles from your factory."

The manager answered, "We can't help that. You must get a friend to help you."

In other words, she must barter virtue for bread.

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Mucianus declared, *"Moneys are the sinews of war."*

Machiavelli answered, "There are no sinews of war but the very sinews of *the arms of valiant men."*

There is no strength to a man or to a nation in wealth alone. The arms of valiant men, the strength of strong men must always constitute the true greatness of a people.

We are growing richer, and we are growing weaker. In the advance of the army, the human debris in its rear grows appallingly larger and larger. In the onward sweep of the fleet, the wrecks that lie behind us cover an immensity of horizon.

Money is easy to find: *men* are growing scare. The parrot is everywhere. The eagle seldom seen. "Poll-Parroting" is the order of the day—in the sumptuous temples, in editorial rooms, in legislative halls, in legal arguments, in judicial opinions, in magazines and books, in universities, in the circles of "business."

Repeat what those in authority say, imitate what the majority do, conform to the current creed, follow the crowd, play the game,—money, money, money talks!

How much wealth do you want?

What is the limit?

*There is no limit.*

What is your purpose; what will you do with it after you get it?

That is an irrelevant matter; the question is ruled out.

We mean to get more, and *more*, and even MORE! Drive on, and *on* and ON; no matter who gets run over; no matter how many lose their mickle to make our muckle—drive on and GET MORE!

And so, with a headlong rush after a false ideal of happiness, of strength, of prosperity, we are aping a silly KING, and denying ourselves the wisdom of the SAGE.

# The Sentence of Ravaillac

Henry the Fourth was the most popular of the Bourbon Kings. He loved a fight, and his white plume rode the crest of many a battle wave. He was as gay as he was brave, and was as gallant a Knight as ever kissed a lady's hand or lip. Reared a Protestant, he owed his escape from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew to his sweetheart's devotion; and in after years when he grew weary of striving against the Church of Rome, he flippantly exclaimed, "Paris is well worth a mass," and changed his religion to get what he wanted—just as De Sagan, the Vanderbilt girl, and the English princess did,—and flopped down upon his supple knees in the Cathedral, penitently renouncing his alleged errors.

Escaping from nineteen different attempts of assassins to take his life, Henry the Great fell a victim to the knife of a fanatical monk named Ravaillac.

Historians agree that the murder was inspired by the Jesuits, to whom had been traced many of the previous attempts upon the King's life. In the *Memoirs,* however, there are hints of private revenge, of a court intrigue, of a treacherous, vindictive queen, of a furious woman who had been cast off and who thirsted for revenge. What the truth of the matter was, can never be known. Henry had enraged the Church of Rome by granting the liberty of worship to the Protestants, by the Edict of Nantes, and the Church in those days never hesitated to "remove" those who stood in its way whenever it could.

We re-print the sentence which the court passed upon Ravaillac, a sentence which was carried out to the full limits of its dreadful barbarity. Read it, and get a new impression of the innate savagery of the human race. Down in Mexico, a short time ago, the authorities compelled a thief to name his accomplice by pulling his finger nails off with pincers. In our penitentiaries, in our police stations, in our public and private asylums, things are being done, every day, that are in accord with the spirit of the Sentence of Ravaillac.

## Sentence of Death Against Francis Ravaillac, May 28, 1610

(Extracted from the Register of the Parliament.)

"The court, consisting of the great chambers of the Tournelle and the Edict, being assembled, and having seen the criminal proceedings, formed by the presidents and councillors in that behalf appointed by the commission, at the requisition of the king's attorney-general; and the said Ravaillac having been heard and examined by the said court, touching the matter laid to his charge; and touching the verbal process of the interrogatories administered to him on the rack, which by order of the said court, he underwent on

the 25th of this month for discovery of his accomplices; on consideration of the whole, the said court has declared, and doth declare, the said Ravaillac duly attained of the crime of high treason, divine and human, in the highest degree, for the most wicked, most abominable, and most detestable parricide, committed on the person of the late King Henry IV., of good and laudable memory reparation whereof the court both condemned and doth condemn him, to make the amend honorable before the principal gate of the church of Paris, whither he shall be carried and drawn in a tumbril in his shirt, bearing a lighted torch of two pounds weight, and that he shall there say or declare, that wickedly and traitorously he hath committed the aforesaid most wicked, most abominable, and most detestable parricide, and murdered the said lord the king, by being previously indemnified, and that no other building shall ever hereafter be erected on the foundation thereof: and that within fifteen days after the publication of the present, his father and mother by the sound of the trumpet and public proclamation in the city of Augonline, be banished out of the kingdom and forbid ever to return, under the penalty of being hanged and strangled, without any further form or process at law. The court has also forbidden his brothers, sisters, uncles, and others, from henceforth to bear the said name of Ravaillac, enjoining them to change it to some other, under the like penalties, and ordering the substitute of the king attorney-general to cause this present sentence to be published and carried into execution under stabbing him twice in the body with a knife; that he repents of the same, and begs pardon of God, the king, and the laws; from thence he shall be carried to the grave, and on a scaffold to be there erected the flesh shall be torn to pieces with red-hot pincers from his breast, his arms and thighs, and the calves of his legs; his right hand holding the knife wherewith he committed the aforesaid parricide, shall be scorched and burned with flaming brimstone, and on the places where the flesh has been torn with pincers, melted lead, boiling oil, scalding pitch with wax and brimstone melted together, shall be poured; after this, he shall be torn in pieces by four horses, his limbs and body burned to ashes and dispersed in the air. His goods and chattels are also declared to be forfeited and confiscated to the king. And it is further ordained that the house in which he was born shall be pulled down to the ground (the owner thereof on pain of being answerable for the same; and before the execution thereof, the court doth order that the said Ravaillac shall again undergo the torture for the discovery of his accomplices.

Pronounced and executed the 27th day of May, 1610.

VOISIN.

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(The Execution of the Sentence.)

"At three o'clock he came from the chapel; and he was being carried out of the conciergerie, the prisoners, in great numbers, thronged about him, with loud cries and exclamations, calling him traitor! Wicked wretch and the like; and they would have struck him, had they not been hindered by the archers and the other officers of justice, who kept them off by force.

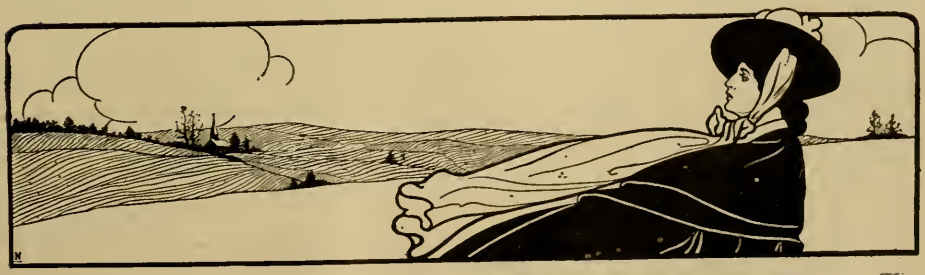
When he was put in to the tumbril the crowd was so great that it was with the utmost difficulty the archers and officers of justice could force themselves a passage; and as soon as the prisoner appeared, that vast multitdue began to cry out, as above, "Wicked wretch!" "Traitor!" etc.

The enraged populace continued their cries and execrations till he arrived at the grave; where, before he was taken out of the tumbril to mount the scaffold, he was again exhorted to reveal accomplices; but he presisted in his former declaration, that he had none; again imploring pardon of the

young king, the queen, and the whole kingdom, for the crime he had committed.

When he had ascended the scaffold, the two doctors comforted him and exhorted him to acknowledge the truth; and after performing the duties of their function, the clerk approached him, and urged him to think of his salvation now at the close of his life, and to confess all he knew; to which he only answered as he had done before.

The fire being put to his right hand, holding the knife with which he had stabbed the king, he cried out, "Oh God," and often repeated "Jesu Marie." While his breast, thighs and arms were tearing with red-hot fincers, he renewed his cries and prayers; during which, being often admonished to acknowledge the truth, he persisted in denying that he had any accomplices. The furious crowd continued to load him with execrations, crying that he ought not to have a moment's respite. Afterwards by intervals, melted lead and scalding oil were poured upon his wounds; during which he shrieked aloud, and continued his cries and exclamations. The Doctors again admonished him, as likewise the clerk, to confess, and were preparing to offer up publicly the usual prayer for the condemned; but immediately cried out that no prayer ought to be made for that wicked wretch, that damned monster. So that the doctors were obliged to give over. Then the clerk remonstrating to him, that the indignation of the people was judgment upon him, which ought to induce him to declare the truth, he persisted to answer as formerly, saying, "I only was concerned in the murder." Being again questioned and admonished, he persisted in denying that he had any accomplices; while the people of all ranks and degrees, both near and of a distance, continued their exclamations in token of their great grief for the loss of their king. Several persons set themselves to pull the ropes with the utmost eagerness; and one of the noblesse, who was near the criminal, alighted off his horse, that it might be put in the place of one which was tired with drawing him. At length when he had been drawn a full hour by the horses, without being dismembered, the people rushing on in crowds, threw themselves upon him, and with swords, knives, sticks, and other weapons they struck, tore, and wrangled his limbs, and violently forcing them from the executioner, they dragged them through the streets with the utmost eagerness and rage, and burnt in different parts of the city."



# Political Comment

Remembering Taft's hint that "Tariff Revision" by the Republicans might mean the raising of duties upon some articles, and recollecting what the Democrats actually did, in the way of "Tariff Reform" in 1893, we tremble for our future. Taft is the candidate of the Republican exploiters of the people, and Bryan is the candidate of the Democratic beneficiaries of Special Privilege,—and there you are. If you jump out of the Taft frying-pan, you land in the Bryan fire.

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No matter who is elected President, the political complexion of the United States Senate will not be changed. As now constituted, this highest legislative body is controlled absolutely by the Corporations and Trusts. The stand-patters, in fact, control both houses of Congress But even though they lose the House of Representatives, the Senate remains theirs; and the Senate can block any legislation which is antagonistic to the Trusts.

How idle, then, is the Bryan—Taft talk of tariff reform! Neither one can clip a single claw of the corporation cormorants—and they know it.

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As to Bryan's idea of Tariff reform, he changes so much and so often that we couldn't venture to guess what he would do if he could,—but we *do* remember that in 1893 he helped the Democratic Tariff reformers to pass the worst tariff bill that ever disgraced the statute book.

The Wilson-Gorman law, which Cleveland denounced but dared not veto, made a reduction of $46,218,000 on such luxuries as silks, fancy dress-goods, wines, Havana tobacco, jewelry, ostrich feathers and things produced on the farm: from articles used by the common people it removed duties to the amount of $30,642,000.

To make up for this loss of national revenue ($76,670,000) the Democratic reformers put a tax of 1-¼ cents per pound upon sugar, thus allowing the Sugar Trust to pillage the consumers to the extent of about $50,000,000 per year,—a liberal return for its campaign contribution of $500,000.

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Among the articles upon which the Democratic reformers of 1893 placed a higher tax than the McKinley bill had done were Castile soap, plaster of Paris, sheets of iron and steel, iron and steel wire, steel bars, billets, shafting, rods, steel tools, tubes, pipes, cast-iron pipe of all kinds; nails and spikes, tacks, brads, springs, rivets of iron or steel, cross-cut saws, horse shoes, cheap knit shirts and drawers, etc.

General Joseph B. Wheeler, speaking against the Wilson-Gorman bill in the House, said:

"It is certainly an injury to the South to place substantially all the articles that are produced in that section on the free list, and then increase the duties upon articles which the people of that section are compelled to buy."

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The virtuous Democrats denounced the McKinley bill as "the culminating atrocity of class-legislation." That's just what it was, minus the word "culminating." When the reformers got in power, they proved that the atrocities of class-legislation had not *culminated.* They favored the rich by reducing taxes on fine Havana tobacco, $3,300,000 per year; wines, brandies and spirits, $1,500,000; silk goods, $3,500,000; kid-gloves, seal skins, jewelry, etc., $1,279,000; broad-cloth, and other fine cloth of wool, $18,000,000.

Having done this much for the rich, the Democrats doubled the tax on common molasses and common sugar,—just to show the people how foolish they had been in believing that either one of the old parties could be trusted.

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By harrying the Standard Oil gang, and certain other powerful criminals, Roosevelt has weakened the Republican party with the rich law-breakers. By taking sides with the Southern people on the negro question, and by dismissing from the United States army the black brutes who shot up Brownsville, Roosevelt has provoked the venomous resentment of the negro leaders.

Bryan's hope of election is based upon these conditions. He has said *something* to the negro leaders and *something* to the lawless corporations *which satisfies them;* and we see the negro leaders quitting their natural party to become Bryanites, and we see the Tobacco Trust and Standard Oil taking the most active part in Bryan's behalf.

Roosevelt has been prosecuting suits to break up the Tobacco Trust. Resenting this, the corporation is supporting Bryan. Major Moses Wetmore, a Tobacco Trust millionaire, has been named by Bryan as a member of his finance committee. Would the Tobacco Trust be supporting Bryan if he had not, in some way, convinced it that his attitude towards it, if elected President, will be less hostile than that of Roosevelt?

From Democrats and Republicans alike, the Tobacco Trust secured the laws which crushed competition, and gave rise to oppressive conditions which resulted in Night Riding, arson, murder and intimidation in some of the fairest portions of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Why is the Tobacco Trust so eager to have Bryan elected? What does the Trust expect from him?

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When Judge Grosscup reversed the decision of Judge Landis and relieved the Standard Oil criminals of that $29,000,000 fine, he had to resort to a falsification of the record to give a show of decency to his rul-

ing. He not only misquoted Judge Landis, but he judicially held the rejection of certain evidence by Landis to be reversible error, *when the record itself proved that Landis had admitted the very evidence in question.*

In other words, Grosscup was compelled to fabricate the grounds upon which he reversed Landis.

His conduct was so unprecedented and so shocking that President Roosevelt hotly denounced it—just as Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln denounced decisions of the Federal Courts which they believed to be outrageously wrong.

But Bryan, the most talkative of men, has not had a word to say about this infamous Grosscup decision. Why? *Because he is getting the benefit of the Standard Oil's resentment of the Roosevelt prosecution.*

Yet there are, apparently, millions of patriotic Americans who believe that Bryan is an unselfish reformer! If he were anything but a most crafty and remorselessly selfish politician he would have taken the same stand as Roosevelt against the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust; *and thus made it clear to those law-breaking corporations that they could not find a City of Refuge in any political party,* but must obey the laws of the land.

If Bryan were a patriotic and unselfish reformer, would he be flirting with the negro leaders? Would he not disavow Henry Watterson when that Chairman of his Press Bureau advises the negro how he can increase his importance as a political factor?

In Mr. Watterson's interview put forth from the Bryanite headquarters at the Hoffman House in New York he says:

*"The time has come for the negro to divide his vote* AND THUS BECOME A FACTOR IN POLITICS SUCH AS HE IS NOT TODAY."

This statement, if made by a Socialist, Prohibitionist, Hearstite, or Populist would provoke a howl from every Democratic editor in the South. We would be told, wrathfully and repeatedly, that nobody wants the negro to become more of a political factor than he is today. *That is the very thing we don't want.* But when Bryan's lieutenant publicly declares that the time has come to give the negro a greater share of political power, not a single protest is heard.

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Who is it, excepting the negroes themselves, that will be benefitted by giving the negroes a greater share of political power?

Who is it that does not dread the prospect of seeing the negro become more of a factor in politics than he is today?

If you treat the negro as an equal, politically, how long will it be before you will have to treat him as an equal socially?

If the Bryanites invite the negroes to join them, and thus whet their appetites for patronage and recognition, doesn't everybody know that the upshot of the business will be that the two big parties will have to bid against each other for the negro vote, every four years?

For God's sake, reader!—stop to think of what this means. When the Bryanite policy of bidding for the negro vote is once fastened upon the Democratic party, *farewell to white supremacy, farewell to racial purity, farewell to your opposition to Social Equality.*

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Naturally, the negro goes with the Republican party which freed him from slavery and gave him the ballot. Whenever he votes the Democratic ticket, he does so for some special reason. *He does so because he expects something in return.*

It is perfectly evident that a very large proportion of the negro vote is going to Bryan. Why? What is the inducement? In the circular letter, signed by many of the most responsible negro leaders in the Union, and broadcasted throughout the country, the positive statement is made that these negro leaders have been *in communication with Bryan for months, and that he has made them certain promises as to patronage, recognition and the enforcement of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution.*

Has Mr. Bryan made these promises?

He knows that the negroes are circulating this letter for the purpose of influencing the negroes to vote for him,—yet never a word of denial has he spoken.

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

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Ever since the Civil War, the Southern people have been struggling to re-establish white supremacy, and to maintain the racial and social superiority of the Caucasian. The policy—one of self-preservation—has been to reduce to a minimum the political importance of the negro. In almost every Southern state laws have been enacted to decrease to a vanishing point the political power of the negro.

The people of other sections have at length come to realize that our policy on this matter is one of necessity. The entire North and East have at length ceased to condemn us for our disfranchisement legislation, our opposition to mixed schools, mixed marriages, and social equality.

Yet here are two Western men, Bryan and Watterson, deliberately proposing to commit the Democratic party to the proposition that the negro should become more of a political factor than he is today!

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"The time has come," exclaims Mr. Bryan's Lieutenant, for the negro to "become a factor in politics *such as he is not today.*"

And this from a Southern man who calls himself a Democrat!

Mr. Watterson, do you and Mr. Bryan want a greater number of negro Postmasters? Do you want fifty Dr. Crums, instead of one? Do you want a negro not only to sign every piece of paper money issued by the government, as the negro Register of the Treasury now does, but to hold a place in the cabinet also?

Do you want a greater number of white men working under negroes in the Custom House service, in the Internal Revenue service, and in the Post-office service?

Do you and Bryan want to see *more* than a thousand negroes in Washington City getting their daily feed out of the public crib, and making the lives of the white men and women in the departments almost unendurable, because of negro insolence?

*Is Bryan so crazy to become President that he is willing to undo in one campaign the work which it has taken the South forty years to do?*

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What are the negroes angry with Roosevelt and Taft about?

(1) Because the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments have not been enforced;

(2) Because the disfranchisement laws of the South have been acquiesced in;

(3) Because the negro brutes who shot up Brownsville were dismissed, in disgrace, from the army;

(4) Because the Foraker bill, giving these criminals easy access to re-enlistment, was defeated;

(5) Because Taft has declared that if elected President he will continue in his place, as Secretary of War, General Luke Wright, a Southern man who was a soldier in the Confederate army.

These are the grievances of the negroes. Their leaders went to Taft for satisfaction, and did not get it. They went to Bryan, *and got it!*

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Bryan's convention at Denver insulted the Georgia delegation by hoots and jeers, by attempts to snatch away its flag, by prancing around it playing "Marching through Georgia,"—a reminder of the cruel strife of sections; of our terrible losses; of the desolating path, broad and bloody, which stretched athwart two great States, with burning Atlanta at one end and blazing Columbia at the other.

This Democratic Convention, at Bryan's instance, went out of its way to honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln, a Republican. It also passed resolutions highly eulogistic of Grover Cleveland.

But when a Maryland delegate sought to have honorable mention made of the name of Robert E. Lee, a Democrat, *he was hissed and howled down.*

So keen was Henry Watterson's desire to please the North with his lecture on Mr. Lincoln that he cruelly misrepresented Alexander H. Stephens, Jefferson Davis, and other Southern statesmen, by stating that they rejected magnanimous proposals for peace, made by Mr. Lincoln at the Hampton Roads Conference.

So keen is Mr. Watterson's desire for the election of Mr. Bryan,—whom he was bitterly opposing and denouncing last year—that he is ready to sacrifice the dearest interests of the South in that behalf.

And the greater shame of it all is that Southern editors and leaders are silent while this ruinous betrayal of the South is being consummated.

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Claiming to be the White Man's party, the Democracy of the East and North have ruled us with a rod of iron. In a Democratic convention a Southern Democrat has been worth considerably less than a Southern negro was worth in Republican conventions. The South has endured everything that the East and North put upon her—Why? Because she was allowed to have her own way in dealing with the negro. As long as the Democratic Party was the White Man's Party, Southern whites *had* to be Democrats. Local conditions forced it upon them. But the old order is passing away. A new dispensation is at hand. *Bryanism is niggerizing the Democratic party.*

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What will the outcome be? God help us. The future looks dark to me. The unscrupulous game that Bryan is playing with the resentful corporations and the resentful negroes menaces this country with the greatest danger that has come upon us since the Charleston Convention of 1860 flew into fragments and paved the way for the election of a President identified with irreconcileable sectional differences.

Henry Watterson's advice to the negroes is good advice, *for the negroes.*

By dividing their vote, between both the old parties, the negroes *can* increase their political power. There's no doubt whatever about it. The Democrats will naturally seek to get the larger number of negro votes, and to do this will make tempting offers and promises to the negro leaders. Of course, the Republicans will likewise try to get a majority of the negroes, and to do so will offer better terms than the Democrats. The net result will be, *a lively competition between the two old parties, each striving to outbid the other.* How will the negroes be paid? Partly in cash, and partly in offices and "recognition."

The negro vote being the prize contended for by both the old parties, the negro will become very much of a political factor indeed. He will be cock of the walk; bull of the woods, *umpire of the game.*

In other words, *the Bryanite policy will make the negro the balance of power, thus bringing to us the manifold blessings of* NEGRO DOMINATION!

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Cannot the Southern people see how profoundly true it is that the negro can increase his political power by compelling both the old parties to compete for his vote?

It is simple enough, when you consider it seriously.

Well, then, why can't the South realize that she can increase *her* political power by dividing *her* vote, and *thus compelling both old parties to compete for Southern support?*

Bryan refuses to give the South so much as a speech. He proposes to take away from her the two powerful positions which she now holds in the Cabinet; he refused her the second place on the ticket; he refused a Southern man a campaign chairmanship; and he is trampling under his feet Southern pride and interest on the question of the negro vote. Would he dare to treat the South in that way *if the Southern vote were divided between two white parties and it were uncertain which would win the splendid prize of her electoral votes?*

Since the Bryanites are advising the negroes to divide and become more important, why shouldn't the South grasp the great truth that *she can never hope to win back her old place in the Union* SO LONG AS SHE IS THE SLAVE OF ONE PARTY?

## "THE OLD MAN"

By Daisy P. Taylor

The twilight falls soft o'er the old arm chair,
  And dim fades the light on the snowy hair,
For the dear "old man" is sitting there,
  And his last day's work is finished.

The light has grown dim in the brilliant eye,
  The once brawny hands now so feebly lie,
And the "old man" is dreaming of days gone by,
  For the last day's work is finished.

With his old clay pipe let the hours beguile.
  He, in stature a man, at heart a child,
He will linger here yet a little while,
  But the last day's work is finished.

Have patience, gay youth, with the "old man" there,
  That the future may bring you no bitter tear,
When the twilight falls dim o'er the empty chair,
  And the last sad day is finished.

# The Brownsville Incident

By Robert Walker

How would you like to have been wakened from peaceful slumber by the vicious spat of bullets against the sides of your frail dwelling—the shattering of window glass, the beat of menacing hoofs upon the quiet streets? To realize, with that clutch of fear on your heart we all know in the presence of unexpected tragedy—that death was sweeping by? To know that the sullen storm had broken and that you and yours were in the hands of barbarians to whom the crib of a babe were no more sacred than a dog kennel?

That is what it meant to sleep in Brownsville, Texas, on the night of August 13, 1906.

How would you have liked to live there after that murderous midnight attack,—in a little frontier town, unruly Mexicans across the river, only a handful of local police, practically no protection from another raid save that afforded by a poorly armed and small number of citizens, all of whom were worn out with constant watching—and a fort full of swaggering black brutes, ready to precipitate themselves upon the community at the slightest provocation?

That is what it meant to live in Brownsville after it had been "shot up."

Do you think you could have had a moment's freedom from terror—if not of personal fear, then bitter anxiety for the helpless ones under your protection?

The writer was a resident of Atlanta during its troublous times a little later in the same year, and knows the terror of a pending race war,—the uncertainty, the rumors which fly from point to point, the stagnation which proceeds from repression of any and every act that could, if misinterpreted, bring on a repetition of hideous scenes.

A woman's nervous scream over a trifle would have resulted in instant bloodshed, so strained and tense was the atmosphere. Every word and gesture had to be guarded, every precaution employed to calm excitement. People walked slowly; voices were hushed; a deadly quietude reigned upon the streets. The chill of death was in the air. We felt the knife in our backs, the torch applied to our homes. We realized that the measured steps of the patrol meant that our fair city was in the hands of the military and it was as a surrender of all the pleasant civic freedom. Night and day, day and night, they paced the streets. Pittsburg, the little suburb of Atlanta, had seen one Hell of carnage, the heart of Atlanta another and each day brought new and ghastly evidences of

the horrors before our eyes. Business was prostrated. Delicate nerves could hardly bear the strain.

Yet WE were protected. At the very worst there were men enough to cope with other men—arms abundant, troops sufficient and others waiting to come at the first call.

Imagine then, if you can, the state to which this tiny city of Brownsville was reduced when the source of their danger was *from* United States troops—blacks who had, ever since their quartering at the adjacent fort, boasted that they would despoil the white women, brutishly usurped the freedom of the streets and walks and had finally added wanton murder of innocent and unsuspecting citizens to the category of their intolerable outrages!

Soldiers! Ye gods! To think of Uncle Sam's uniform bedecking a swarm of blacks who used it to protect themselves in the commission of despicable crimes!

In "The Truth About Brownsville," Albert Bigelow Paine writes of the events of that fatal and fateful night:

"There were others who claimed to have heard muttered threats, and these, as evening drew on, were anxious and watchful. It was about midnight that a barkeeper named Natus was serving a final round of drinks to a few belated customers, white men, in a saloon where a bar had been erected for the accommodation of negro soldiers. The men lingering about the bar were talking quietly, and it is certain that they had been discussing the possibility of an outbreak from the garrison. Suddenly they were startled by a succession of shots, loud voices and general commotion from the direction of the fort. One of the group cried out:

"That must be the niggers coming, now!"

A fusilade followed, coming nearer. The barkeeper, Natus, sprang to the front doors, flung them shut, and fastened them. An instant later, he ran into the back yard to prevent entrance in that quarter. He was not in time. Before he could close the gate, he received a volley, and dropped dead.

The mob of murderers passed on, pouring their fire into houses where men, women and little children were asleep. Their course was up an alley, leading from the fort through the town. Already, before killing Natus, they had fired on a house in which were two women and five children, one of the shots putting out a lamp. Ten shots had passed through this house, all aimed about four and a half feet above the floor, evidently intended to kill. They had next met the chief of the police, fired upon him, killing his horse and shattering his arm. Next came the Miller Hotel, where they fired at guests in the windows, breaking the glass and filling the casements with bullets. They shot at whatever they saw moving, and wherever they saw a light. In a house where a woman and two children were asleep, two bullets passed through the mosquito bar that covered their bed. For two blocks and a half the assault on the defenceless street continued, then suddenly the assassins disappeared

in the direction of the fort,—the midnight raid was over. In ten minutes had been written a unique chapter in the history of the American Army, a chapter that would be told, and retold, and debated and deformed until its volumes would fill a library.

And now from the garrison came shouts and the sound of a bugle—a general call to arms. The town already in a turmoil fell into a panic of fear and disorder. A renewal of the attack was expected at any moment. It was believed that a general massacre would take place. Men armed themselves with whatever they could lay hands on; women and children hid themselves and waited in terror and trembling."

This, then, was the situation of Brownsville. And in this situation it was evident that the powers that were proposed to leave it. Policy wished to hush it up, the authorities did not know how to handle such a "delicate" matter as that of United States troops shooting down United States citizens in the privacy of their homes and places of business. Very "delicate," indeed!

The officers who had the malodorous distinction of commanding the darkey regiments, cowered before their own subordinates and abjectly admitted that they could not learn the identity of the soldiers who were absent from the Fort on the night of the raid—which was military vigilance and discipline with a vengeance!

Appeal for the immediate removal of the troops from Fort Brown were sent. Replies were evasive. Neither from the Government nor the State did aid come to the distracted citizens, in constant fear of another outbreak. To President Roosevelt this piteous statement was made five days after the murderous attack:

"We cannot convince our women and children that another outbreak may not occur at any time. Their condition is deplorable. They will scarcely venture out of their homes and only feel secure there by our maintaining a heavy guard and patrol of armed citizens every night. We know the accidental discharge of a fire-arm, any overt act of an excited citizen—and our citizens are fearfully excited—would precipitate upon us the whole negro force at Ft. Brown."

And still no relief. The machinery had slipped a cog somewhere—nothing could be done. Suggestions that the negro troops were not guilty, but that Mexicans from across the border had committed the outrages, were offered to whitewash the deplorable situation. These but proved the intention of the officers of the companies to shield the criminals and muddy the waters of investigation.

How Capt. Wm. J. MacDonald, Texas Ranger of the old, indominatable type—a man who would "storm Hell with a bucket of water" arrived in Brownsville on the 21st of August and took the matter into his own strong, sinewy hands, reads like a romance of '49. How he cut through the yards of entangling red tape and went after "them hellions" is superb. When informed that Major Penrose, in command at Ft. Brown, was making an investigation

and would get the truth of the business if it took him ten years, Capt. McDonald said:

"Ten years! He could do it in ten minutes, if he wanted to. He knows his men and could find out who was absent during the shooting. And he knows just about who would be likely to get into a gang like that. I'll find them out, myself, and I won't be ten years about it—nor ten days, neither."

And he wasn't. With his Seargent, W. J. McCauley, he bearded the blacks in their stronghold. Two shot-guns against a row of twenty leveled rifles. To their "Halt!" he ordered:

"You niggers hold up there! You've already got into trouble with them old guns of yours. I'm Captain McDonald, of the State Rangers, and I'm down here to investigate a foul murder you scoundrels have committed. I'll show you men something you've never been used to. *Put up them guns!*"

Like conquering heroes, they entered. They pursued their own investigation. Within a few days they had some of the undoubtedly guilty under guard.

How civil justice was foiled and a court martial failed through the "conspiracy of silence formed to cover up a previous conspiracy of murder," as Roosevelt stated it when discharging the entire body of troops without honor, is all now a part of history.

How great a figure it was destined to cut, however, no one could have foreseen. That the traditional "white man's party" should use the just discharge of the Brownsville brutes as political ammunition, directed against the opposing forces; and that those opposing Republican forces should weakly seek to put the responsibility upon the retiring President and thereby clear their own skirts, is a matter which brings the blush of shame to all true Americans of whatever party affiliation.

The avowed purpose of the negro soldiers to "run" the town, to over-ride the citizens, to insult and assault at their own pleasure, to obtain by force not only *social equality*, but *social domination*, to bring Hayti into America, initiated the original reign of terror in Brownsville, undoubtedly had its effect in bringing about the negro outrages in Atlanta during the following weeks; while pampering and coddling of the black voters by both Bryanites and Taftites is bringing about a desperate condition of affairs throughout the entire country and the shadow of this "problem" is heavier now than it has been since the period of "reconstruction."

# A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By Tom Dolan

AFTER all, there has not been much doing in the past month. Revolutions in the East continue to revolve, but rather slowly. Political "swings around the circle" have been popular at home and even Taft threatens to hoist his ponderous bulk upon the Merry-go-round just as soon as he catches another mess of fish while Bryan's bell-metal tongue has beat the union hours to a standstill. Sooth-sayers have soothed over the Vermont barometer—as to the significance of two and a half more or less of Republican majority there since the year 23 B. C.; have considered gravely the effect of aged Senator Allison's death upon Gov. Cummins and his "Iowa idea"; cogitated deeply upon Foraker's reluctant return to the Taft ranks, while Republican brows are wrinkled into Mosaic patterns over the rival candidates in Tennessee and the split-up it means

BELL SHEEP MAKE TROUBLE.

—Williams in Philadelphia Ledger.

in the party there; Gov. Johnson, of Minnesota, is making a good race for the third time, while Gov. Hughes lined up with the stand-patters and has been rewarded with the nomination for second term in New York. Still, notwithstanding all these—even the "Red Special" of Gene Debs and the personally-conducted-by-Hearst tour of his copy-right campaign,—nothing spectacular has transpired—nothing with the Simon-pure thrill in it. Wherefore, one is inclined to be a bit indignant with the world and to wish that something would happen to jar it out of its present rather too complacent orbit. Even the sheath-skirt has lost its nerve and they are splicing in "A" shaped pieces called panels, but which really should be termed frauds on public attention.

### INTERNATIONAL EUCHARIST CONFERENCE

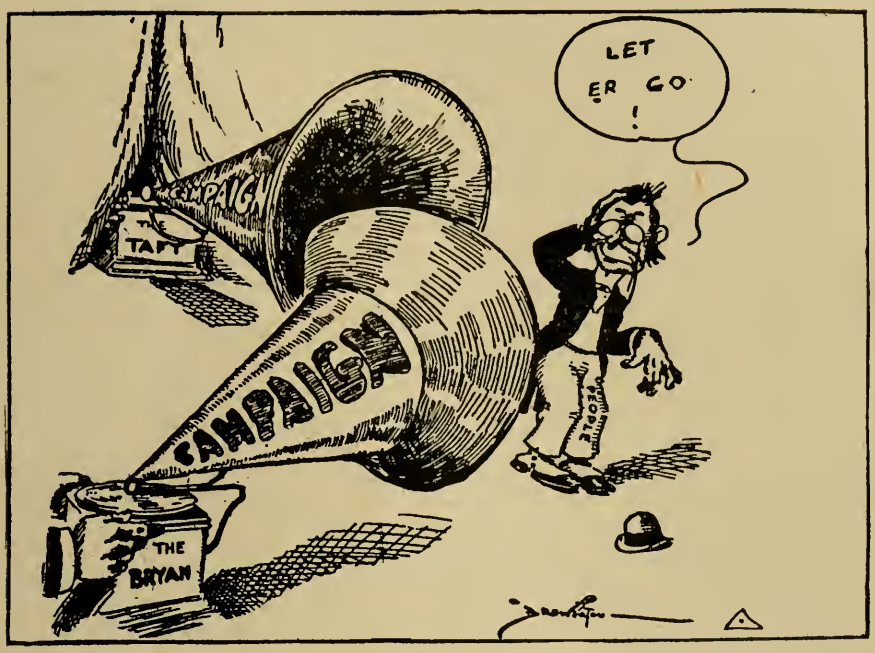
This, perhaps, is the one thing which stands out with all the pomp and embellishment necessary to mark a glittering page. For the only time since its inception, this Conference was held in London and makes what is understood to be the bold beginning of a crusade for the capture of England by the ancient "faith." Cardinal Vannutelli was the first papal legate to Great Britain since the sixteenth century and his presence stirred unusual enthusiasm among the adherents of the Church but unexpected antagonism came from the other quarters. So much of this was manifest that the cardinals abandoned the plan of parading with the "host" and the procession wended its way without the sacred pancake. As to dress, also, there was a change from the more gorgeous kimonas to the ordinary, close-fitting wrapper. Still, there was a striking pageant

POPE PIUS X

and a multitudinous crush like nothing since the last coronation.

What the Conference itself was all about, does not yet appear. When Cardinal Gibbons, prior to his sail for Rome last summer, was asked if the Pope would indorse the candidacy of Mr. Taft, he answered enigmatically: "The Eucharist Conference is in London," which was as satisfying as if he had replied: Why is a hen?

The question of the temporal power of the Pope was taboo, we understand. Now, when a subject germane to the purpose of any gathering is deliberately shelved, the reasons for




THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

—Brewerton.

its non-agitation are worth careful study, and the most logical would seem to be that of expediency. That there shall one day be a papal empire, whose subjects shall not merely be individuals, but nations, and an emperor whose authority shall be the final word governing the universe, is the undeviating aim of the Catholic priesthood,—a dream which contemplates the very pinnacle of human glory—to which all other splendor and power would be paltry and trivial. Not quite yet, however, dare the thing be openly broached. But the trend is constantly in that direction and that papal peril—before which all perils of Occident or Orient are tame,—grows steadily greater. Free thought, free speach, freedom of conscience—everything which vitalizes and purifies, are endangered, and the advance of superstition which seeks to engulf the world is far more rapid than the pace of liberty. No other denomination would dream of advocating the dethronement of our Constitution as does Cardinal Gibbons, the mouthpiece of the Catholic Church for America, who says: "The authorities in every State should exclude atheists and non-Christians from any office of authority. Segregate the public schools of this country. Let each denomination maintain its own school, and *let the expense be borne by the State.*". The word "churches" is merely an anchor to windward. Nobody is ignorant or gullible enough to believe that the Cardinal is anxious to see children brought up as Protestants of any description. No church in America today is so pampered of the Government as is that of Rome, and not only liberty, but true religion itself is slowly being undermined.

We prate of "this enlightened age"

as though all advances were permanent and indestructible. But the human mind is struggling but slowly and painfully toward intellectual freedom, and the soil on which Roman Catholic superstitions is sowing the seed is very rich. The astrologer, fortune-teller, healer, miracle worker Spiritualist—cabinet-artist—are all incontrovertible evidences that we are not fully enlightened and cannot afford to ignore the baneful influence that would overthrow all democracy of thought and action for Medieval bigotry.

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The Pan-Anglican Conference in London a little earlier was not of as much inspiration as such an occasion should have proved. While it may have been all the participants could have wished, yet since the Churches have set themselves to the task of grappling with the higher problems of life, the public has a right to expect from conferences of this nature something strong and definite. About the only thing which could come under this head, therefore, was the stand taken against divorce and even that was superficially considered. To inveigh against the legal severance of couples who are tired of living together is the method of the Indian medicine man who exercises disease by shrieking at the sufferer. Most of the so-called moral problems are, in the final analysis, industrial ones and to be solved by the plain and business-like method of making life fuller, richer and better for everybody. From the comfortable, so-called "middle-class" homes come the fewest applications for divorce, going to prove that domestic, as any other form of happiness, does not thrive best in either the atmosphere of poverty or riches.

### FRENCH PENSION BILL

The bill on workingmen's pensions, now before the French Senate, differs materially from the Old Age Pension law just passed by Great Britain. It is marked, first of all, by an effort to be just to the State, the employer and the laborer.

A life pension of about Seventy Dollars per annum in our money is sought to be provided for every laborer after thirty years' service, he and his employer contributing two per cent each, the State supplying the remainder. The law also provides for the capitalization of these amounts.

The pension measure of England has in it nothing of just discrimination and crystalizes the dismal view taken by a great many of their sociologists that the industrious poor, no matter how hard they work, how economically they live, or how slight their Providential misfortunes, are bound to be paupers if they survive to old age. The French law contemplates the possibility of an honorable discharge from hard work and a provision for the declining years which the self-respecting worker may accept as being made up of: his own savings from wages; the business obligation of his employer and the recognition on the part of his country of a life well and blamelessly lived.

### THE UNEMPLOYED

The problem of finding work for men is one with which all large cities are painfully familiar, and which, in times of panic and distress, spreads far and wide. The suggestion is constantly offered that the farms are crying for hands and cannot get them; that the tramp and loafer flees the moment he hears of a job in the rural districts. This is probably one of the things in which

there is the proverbial germ of truth, but that it is universally the case is seriously to be doubted. Throughout the North, East and West, the need for additional help becomes acute in certain seasons, but just how to distribute men throughout these sections at the right time, with anything like profit to them or reassurance as to the future, has never been determined. In the South, the negro abides as a fixed peasant, who must be utilized so long as he is in every way save manual labor a drag upon society; and his presence effectually prevents any influx of white laborers who might otherwise come where the climatic conditions make farm life and labor possible the year round.

The truth is that the farmer himself having a few days' or weeks' need of an extra hired man, is apt to exaggerate that need, if unmet, into a permanent outcry against the difficulty of getting help. If approached, he would often be the first to hem and haw, and have to see if the "old woman" could make room, etc. Even if the unemployed should frequently find steady work on farms, the isolation, poor pay and social inferiority would prevent many of the better element accepting such conditions.

If co-operative farming could ever be brought into successful operation; or if the Government could establish its own farms here and there, where agricultural experiments could be carried on and legitmate profits earned, there would at once be an outlet for the congestion of cities and we believe many men would gladly turn to an out-door life, free from caste prejudice, with fair remuneration and congenial companionship.

To the average true urbanite, whether rich or poor, there is something insupportable in the idea of remaining indefinitely in the country. Dull days and nights made weird by the sough of wind, the monotonous chirping of insects, the melancholy howl of the dog—are more terrible than "an army with banners." And it is against the isolation of body and the desolation of soul inseparable from farm life to the city-bred that the humanitarian must contend in order to turn the tide toward country life for the poor.

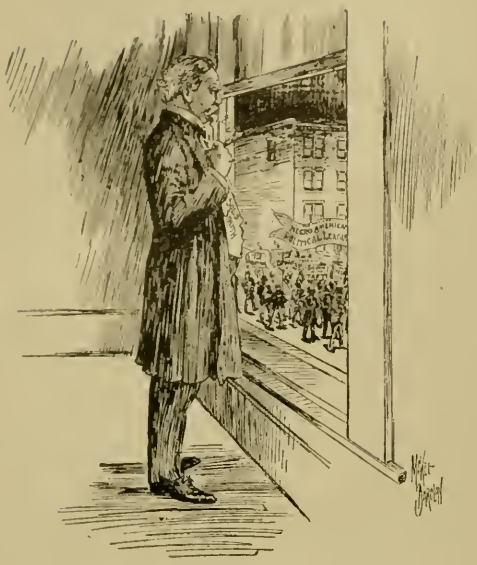
### FOREST RESERVES

Definite and practical steps have been taken to preserve the timber and prevent the appalling waste of our natural resources in this respect. Under a new law concerning the matter, each State containing national forests will receive twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts from these forests, as against ten per cent, heretofore. This amount is to go into the improvement of roads and maintenance of public schools and is designed to compensate the various counties for the reduction in taxable areas due to the maintenance of such forests. This 25% aggregated for the fiscal year ending June 30th, the sum of $447,063.79, of which the well-wooded States receive the greater part, such timberless prairie States as Kansas and Arkansas getting but a trifling few hundreds.

### WHERE MONEY MAKES PEACE

Will Castro be saved from war with the Netherlands because of that $25,000,000 debt in which Germany and England are mutually interested and which, under his administration, is being paid? It looks that way. It is feared that if Holland establishes a blockade, our country might take advantage of the situation and insist upon a readjustment of the bonded

THE NEW ERA



Baltimore Sun.

debt, so as not to shut out the possibility of the American government ever being able to collect any money for wrongs which may have been done to American corporations in Venezuela. Wherefore, it is probable that Holland will be induced to call off the dogs of war, which would be satisfactory all around. Castro's strenuosity will find ample vent without demolishing Dutch battleships singlehanded. Uncle Sam will be pleased to have the squabble subside while, it is whispered, Queen Wilhelmina has something better to think of these days than international dissentions.

## CONQUERING THE AIR

It's a great tribute to science that the air-ship is received with less surprise than gratification. It had been expected too long to make the stir that former inventions have done and the world anticipates without doubt the time when aerial navigation will cut a positive figure in all calculations, either of peaceful transit or the tactics of war. Count Zeppelin, of Germany; Henri Farman, of France, and our own Wright brothers, of Ohio, have perfected fairly successful forms of æroplanes, monoplanes, ærodromes,—things of odd nomeneclature and still stranger appearance. Yet the imagination has been prepared for them to such extent that any deviation from the "cigar-shaped hull" and "wind-mill like" propeller of entertaining fiction is received with a feeling akin to resentment.

The question of utilizing this new force, however, is something entirely new, but already taken so seriously that large sums are being appropriated to bring the air-ship into the ranks of perfect and practicable machines. Within fifty years from now the general public may fly, but scarcely ten years will have passed, at the present rate of achievement, before the war departments of the world must reckon with a new factor of offense and defence.

## ENGLAND—IMPERIALISTIC AND SOCIALISTIC

England presents the queerest of contradictory policies. For the "folks at home" she is pouring out millions on experiments in municipal ownership of public utilities, such as the purchase of the great London docks, and her old age pension bill outvies in paternalism anything ever devised by any other country on the globe; yet her rule in India is as barbarously indifferent to the welfare of her subjects there as though no ray of enlightenment had ever penetrated her policies.

Contempt for India has always characterized Great Britain's attitude toward that unfortunate country and this has been studiously propogated

throughout the civilized world. The impression has been fostered that the Hindoos were a decadent race, utterly unfit for self-government, childish and helpless; and that British rule has been a blessing beyond price. Controlling so largely, as she does, the press dispatches of the world, it is not strange that the cause of India has received so slight attention, while Russian barbarities are known to every tiniest school child.

That England has pitilessly exploited and despoiled this subject race, has used this country as a field for the aggrandisement of English officials, has let other nations feed the starving Hindoos while she continued to wring taxes out of them, is sadly true; and that she is now putting down "sedition" by every coercive measure, cannot be denied. Revolt is in the air and unless England takes heed and views the situation from a human, instead of a commercial standpoint, the horrors of another "Indian mutiny" will be upon her. It is much to be hoped that the liberal streak shown toward Canada, Australia and even latterly toward Ireland may be widened so as to take in India, which, in comparison with other possessions of the Crown, asks so very little and would be content for a long time with a mere taste of justice.

### TOBACCO GROWERS' FIGHT

If Gov. Willson were Lord Cornwallis; and if the Militia were Hessians; and if the tobacco tax were a ridiculous form for saving the King's face, while people were coaxed into tolerating it by every substantial concession; and if the time were over a hundred years ago,—wouldn't the situation in Kentucky arouse your patriotic ire?

THE WRONG RECORD

New York American.

Instead, Willson is a well-meaning official of the Tory type who follows the letter of the law; the Militia is a home-grown product; the tobacco tax is actually depriving many persons of a legitimate means of livelihood and has delivered a once peaceful and prosperous section over to the rapacity of the trusts; also, the time is now, in what we are pleased to dub a practical age, when such a performance as the Boston Tea Party would be smiled at as opera bouffe

Why, how we would *revel* in bargains in tea or food or clothing, regardless of any exiguous principles which might be damaged. If we got a reduced price on anything, would a meaningless stamp matter? Not much. We'd say: Hurrah for the goods! Long live the benevolent monarch who soothes us so sweetly with an "extra special" cut rate!

And so far have we passed from sensitiveness to such considerations as abstract right that we can actually see ourselves despoiled of money and property without saying even a

boo at the legal machinery which encourages it.

Still, take what unction we may from such reflection, our ancestors were not *all* heroes; they did not all come over in the Mayflower, panting for freedom of conscience, nor all sign the Declaration of Independence, nor echo the cry: Give me liberty or give me death! They did not all fling Oolong into the harbor, nor freeze and faint at Valley Forge, nor cross the riven ice of the Deleware. A good big bunch of them were out and out for "the King, Gawd bless 'm!" Others were Tories in secret and others were only stirred out of their cowardly apathy by the clear knowledge that things had gone pretty far, and "if they did not hang together, they would all hang separately!" So it was that the war of the Revolution was really a War of Evolution in which the hot-heads, as usual, blazed the way for the timid and deprecating element to follow.

Writing of the overt acts committed by the night-riders, someone says: "Ignoring the economic conditions" and so forth. And by that very slurring over of the inception of the difficulties confesses that he dare not speak the truth, which is one of the plainest illustrations ever shown to the world of how a bad law makes lawlessness.

The facts are, briefly, that licenses have been made so costly as to prohibit the small dealer from doing anything with tobacco in any form. The farmer must, of necessity, sell his tobacco to the trusts at the latter's own prices. These prices have, as a natural consequence, fallen so low as to work terrible injustice and hardship upon the producer.

Enraged, seeing no hope of getting justice through the Courts, planters got together in an effort to down the tobacco trust. To do this, co-operation was absolutely essential. Silently the night-riders gathered and quietly paraded a time or two at the witching hour. This brought in a majority of the apathetic, the spineless, who would preferably have waited until somebody else "did something." There is a class which forever waits to have its wrongs righted by somebody else—the cunning monkey of conservatism, waiting for the cat's paw of patriotism to get burnt.

Of course, the inevitable happened. Anger at those who refused to join their cause and whose attitude was detrimental to the effectiveness of the boycott they had tried to inaugurate, brought about violence. The individual right of contract was abridged by murderous methods; but the individual right to contract was in those instances inimical to the greatest good to the greatest number as understood by the League.

We were rebels to King George. The night-riders are outlaws to Governor Willson. King George was unable to subdue the spirit which rose in revolt against unjust taxation. Willson has already been able to crush, with a strong hand, the operations of the League.

The subjects of the Crown knew not the ballot-box redress of wrong. The American citizen has suffrage which should cure all ills, but far too often does a locality, or a State, find its protest nullified by something stronger than a monarch—a corporation which controls the government itself, can force the citizens into outlawry and then call upon the State to punish them.

* * * * *

And now, just as night-riding has

"SHALL THE PEOPLE RULE?"

"Surely the people shall rule, surely the people have ruled, surely the people do rule, no party rules." James S. Sherman, Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, in letter of acceptance.

—Porter in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat.*

been practically ended in the tobacco regions of Kentucky and Tennessee, sporadic instances of the same thing appear in the cotton belt from Georgia to Texas. The exciting cause while similar, however, is not identical. In both cases anger at those who fail to co-operate for the benefit of all makes for drastic chastisement, but a statute is the root of the evil involving the tobacco producer, while the cotton grower is as yet free from direct legal interference with his market.

## THE FIGHT ON MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF STREET RAILWAYS

Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, is having his hands full to vindicate the municipal ownership of street railways and the famous three-cent fares, but there is small worry but that he will come out on top. Entrenched corporate interests and a subsidized press have persistently sought to discredit his plan and have used every means of harrassment to the operation of the system. Such petty annoyances as demanding change for five and ten-dollar bills in paying less than five cents for a ride have been deliberately resorted to, in the hope that the resultant delays would assist the downfall of the liberal policy and bring about the triumph of the traction corporations. James K. Farnsey "tax-payer," has come forward seeking injunction against the operation of the present system on the ground that the franchise was fraudulently obtained. Nobody believes that this contention will be sustained, but it is a further method of hindering and hampering the reformers and gives color to the reports outside the City of Cleveland that "municipal ownership has proven a failure."

A special election has been set for October 22nd, referring the question again to the people. This referendum was secured through a petition circulated by employes of the old traction company. As the necessary number of valid signatures was affixed to the petition, the election was ordered by the City Council, at Mayor Johnson's request. The voters of Cleveland will no doubt overwhelmingly indorse the municipal "holding" company in its struggle for better and cheaper street car service, and it will be highly un

"THE PEOPLE ARE IN THE SADDLE."— AFT.

—From the Denver *Times.*

fortunate for the cause of similar civic betterments elsewhere if they do not courageously stand by their Mayor in his long and interesting endeavors. If the grant of the franchise to the "holding" company be sustained, it will at once put the municipal experiment upon the firm footing which it now lacks. Should it fail, the situation will be chaotic indeed. The common sense of the people in such matters, however, is seldom appealed to in vain and they are pretty certain to lend their aid in the direction of increasing efficiency in the municipal service, rather than fall back upon the old evils, despite whatever discontent has been aroused in the public by superficial objections.

### THE TONGUE OF WU

That venerable village cut-up, Wu Ting Fang, is likely to be recalled to his native heath, much to the sorrow of Washington and terribly to the detriment of the space writers, for there was always something lively and refreshing — something that would make a good story—in the delectable Celestial. However, China fears he talks too much and the obliquities of the Oriental mind can see no good come out of prattle. The open door is bad enough, the Chinese government wots, without the open mouth of Wu. Thus far, however, he has said little to which any just exception could officially be made and it does not appear that he has privately inquired of late: How old is Ann? Of course, a man who is on the sunny side of century and confidently expresses the belief that he will live to be 200, may not think he should yet be expected to have the quality of discretion fully developed; yet he has

FIRST BONFIRE OF THE CAMPAIGN

NO LONGER A SECTIONAL ISSUE!

—Atlanta *Constitution.*

unquestionably been much more retiring and reticent in his second sojourn as minister here than upon the first and has suffered in consequence: for a picturesque character who can talk with a startling lack of conventionality, and who refuses to do so, is often made to talk by staff correspondents, in "interviews" which never took place at all, and to this kind of quoting does Wu himself ascribe the charge against him of loquacity.

### THE TRIUMPHANT TRUSTS

The happy estate of the Standard Oil since the reversal of the Landis decision has been followed by victories of others trusts of less spectacular, but equally convincing, character. The International Paper Company, which virtually controls the entire paper output of the country, has succeeded, under cover of the panic, in reducing its schedule of wages to the tune of nearly $200,000 a year. No intelli-

gent individual believes that the industrial depression in anywise seriously affected the earnings of the International. In "hard times" printers' ink is more eagerly employed than in good. Businesses which ordinarily get along with little advertising strive to weather the storm by putting their wares strenuously upon the market and the enormous consumption of paper for books, dailies and all manner of other publications does not fall off. However, by taking advantage of the situation and putting forth the specious plea of decreased demand, lowering wages and bringing on strikes; then following this up coercing operatives who are unable indefinitely to remain out of employment, the scheme is working nicely. There is no more un-American, unpatriotic and thoroughly sordid concern than this same paper trust. It is enforcing a gigantic tax upon education itself and therefore in direct opposition to the highest public welfare.

The Sugar Trust has also won out over the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, which asked for an accounting by the American Sugar Company as a result of the deal between Adolph Segal and the Sugar Trust by which the Pennsylvania company was prevented from competing with the trust.

The court reviews the circumstances attending the loan of $1,250,000 by the Sugar Trust to Segal, who turned over to it control of the Pennsylvania company, and says:

"It was a scheme on the part of the defendant company to tie up the Pennsylvania Sugar Company and prevent its operation in competition with the defendant company so long as the loan should be outstanding.

The court then says that the loan was made by the Sugar Trust in violation of the law and was ultra vires, illegal and reprehensive, but that "the only penalty so far as I am aware, which might be visited upon it for its excess of corporate power would be the forfeiture of its charter. This, however, is a matter which concerns the state alone."

* * * * *

While it is often urged that there are now enough laws for the regulation and control of monopolies, it is invariably found that there are enough technicalities hidden in the statutes to prevent the effective enforcement of such measures as we have for the protection of small competitors or the general public. The grounds upon which the accounting was denied clearly prove this, for it was alleged that, at the time of the loan, the Pennsylvania Sugar Company was practically bankrupt; that it's business had not been established, and so forth. In short, the shark can continue to swallow the minnow and then claim that the minnow might not have lived to be a fish, anyhow, if it had *not* been swallowed—a broad and beautiful assumption.

THE FIRST BOLT

—Johnson in the Philadelphia *Press*.

THERE LIES THE WAY!

## END OF THE CONVICT LEASE

The bill providing for the abolition of the Convict Lease System in Georgia is not so good a one as had been hoped but is better than at one time during the extra session could have been expected. Prison reform is a thing which will be promoted by the bill but Georgia realizes that the measure will be in an experimental state for a long time to come. First, the immediate doing away with the leasing of convicts was not provided for, so that the system must drag on through the dreary winter months; second, the "overs" is a problematic provision which affords a loop hole that is not liked. If the counties do not come forward to take their quota of convicts, if the funds run short, if the Governor or prison commissioners at any future time during the life of the present bill should grow indifferent, should the public forget its obligation to the wards of the State, this license as to "overs" will become a very serious menace to the spirit of reform, while possibly preserving the outward letter there-

of the present prison commission is continued.

Altogether, after an expenditure of the regular amount for the regular session of the legislature, and after being loaded with an additional expense of some $50,000 it is a pity that friction over matters in themselves rather trivial prevented a more careful consideration of the plan and the inauguration of a system which should have fewer flaws. It will remain for patriotic Georgians to study along these lines and complete what has been imperfectly begun. Still for what we are about to receive may we be duly thankful.

* * * * *

Australia finds the farm best for her convicts and it is certain that no matter how much be done upon public roads and other improvements, no convict should perpetually be worked upon them. A crude, migratory existence, sans any and everything that would make for stability or morality promises nothing in the way of reform, and society utterly fails if it turns a convict loose upon the

"'TEN—TION!"

public again as ignorant and vicious as when sentenced. Monotonous, hard labor is *punishment* all right, but must stop there. No one, white or black, can learn to love it for itself. Nearly every one, white or black, can learn to love a trade which calls forth interest and brings skill, or learn to love green, growing, things. And once a man takes pride in laying brick or planting corn, he ceases to be a menace to the State.

### BOILED IN OIL

No—the Inquisition is not referred to here, but the exceedingly uncomfortable predicament of the Hon. J. B. Foraker, sometime favorite son of Ohio, whose nose was put out of joint by Taft and whose nefarious connection with the Standard Oil Trust and J. D. Rockefeller has been so indisputably shown as to force the Republican Campaign Committee to drop Mr. Foraker from the list of their spell-binders. Now, anything that can get on the nerves of a National Republican Campaign committee must be pretty tough and they are all entitled to a bit of genuine sympathy. Whitewash will cover up most things, if applied thick enough, but the crude petroleum with which the Hon. J. B. reeks will require so many layers of kalsomine that the leaders of his party really haven't time before election to manage the job,—hence he is left out in the cold.

### WILL CHINA HEED?

Dispatches from Pekin indicate that the Emperor of China has not been unmindful of the doings in the world and has issued an edict which promises his subjects a constitutional government about nine years hence. This could hardly be called proceeding with undue haste in the matter, but if it can be arrived at without bloodshed, though ever so tediously, all the better for the integrity of the kingdom. Assuredly the Heaven-born should be sagacious enough to steer clear of any internal dissentions or uprisings which would give an excuse for the hungry horde of nations to make another effort to partition his domain.

### THE MAINE ELECTION

A yodel of great joy has arisen from Democratic throats over the jolt given to the "impregnable East" in the recent state election in Maine, where the Republicans had a pretty close shave. However, carefully considered, it becomes plain that no great significance can be attached to this. It was not so much Republican vs. Democrats as Prohibitionists vs. Local Optionists, and the gains were made by the latter on an issue perpetual and circumscribed. The Republicans representing of course the "ins" had to stand for prohibition state-wide, even if not enforced; while the Democrats, as the "outs" waged war on conditions as they exist, and, with the help of those who hoped to profit by a change in the temperance measures, nearly succeeded in carrying the State.

### THE MOROCCAN MUDDLE

Nobody pretends to know or care much about the relative merits of the rival brothers, Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid, who have been contending for the throne of Morocco, and the overthrow of Abdul by Mulai can matter but little to the subjects who have known nothing but oppression at any time and who are at least a thousand years behind in the march of civilization. So they

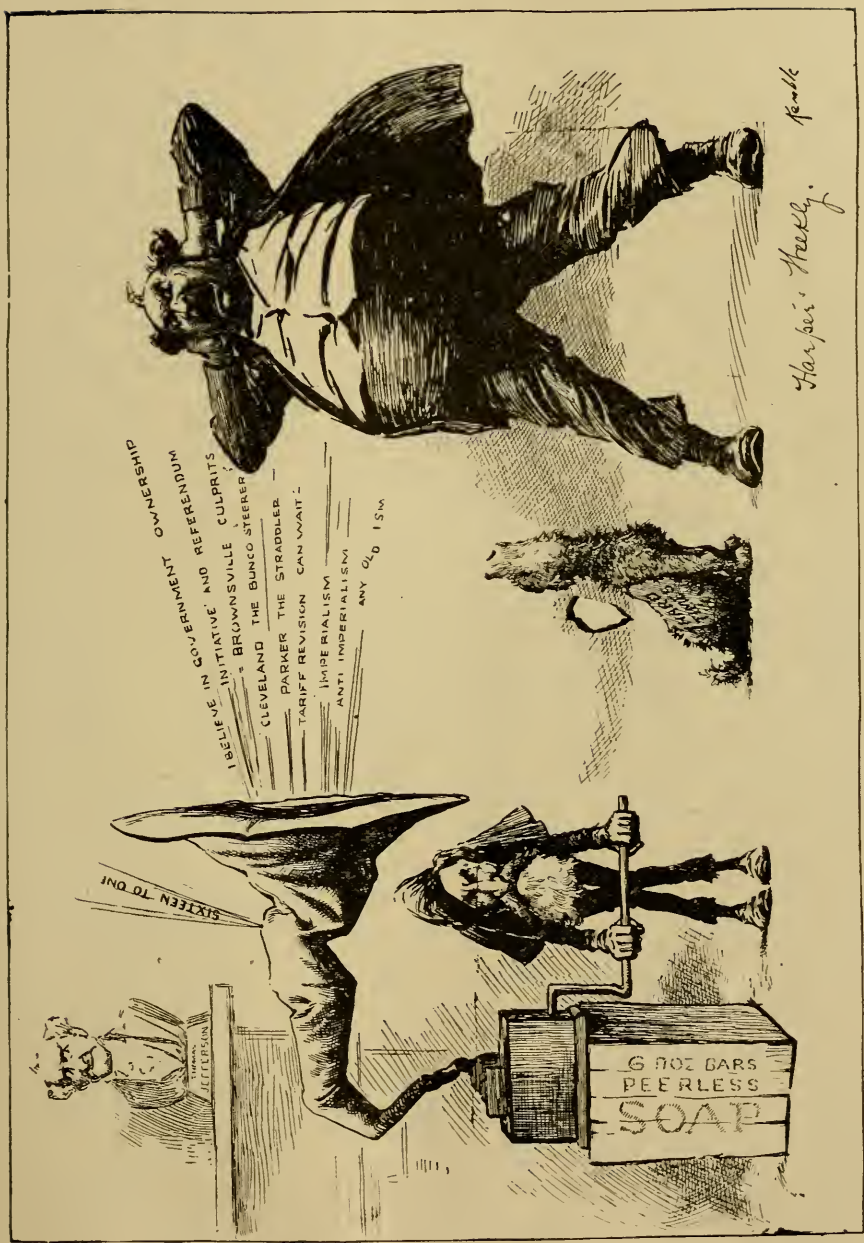
are but pawns in the diplomatic game of Europe—particularly of the nations which participated in the famous Algeciras Convention. The victory of the pretender, Mulai Hafid, however, and his recognition as the reigning and rightful Sultan by Germany, has agitated the powers profoundly. Germany is accused of supplying the usurper's army with modern arms, while French officers directed the operations of the troops of Abdul. So the struggle in Africa has throughout been really between the hereditary foes of Europe. While the triumph of the Kaiser's favorite of the two brothers may, at least, quiet conditions in the land of the Moors, it will assuredly put an additional strain upon the relations between the Fatherland and France. Spain, which has announced that it will stand by the latter country in the Moroccan difficulties, will likewise be involved. The demonstration of German military strength, through maneuvres in the lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, has recently moved the Gallic press to declare with emphasis that "France is also ready!"

The disregard on Germany's part of the plain terms of the treaty of Algeciras is a lamentable breach of faith. No immediate pacification of a wild and unruly country and no advancement of German interests through the Kaiser's startling coup d'etat can excuse the breaking of an agreement, and the cause of international peace must receive a backset if those who arbitrate great questions cannot be depended upon to abide by the conditions.

# Dear Stars, I Envy You

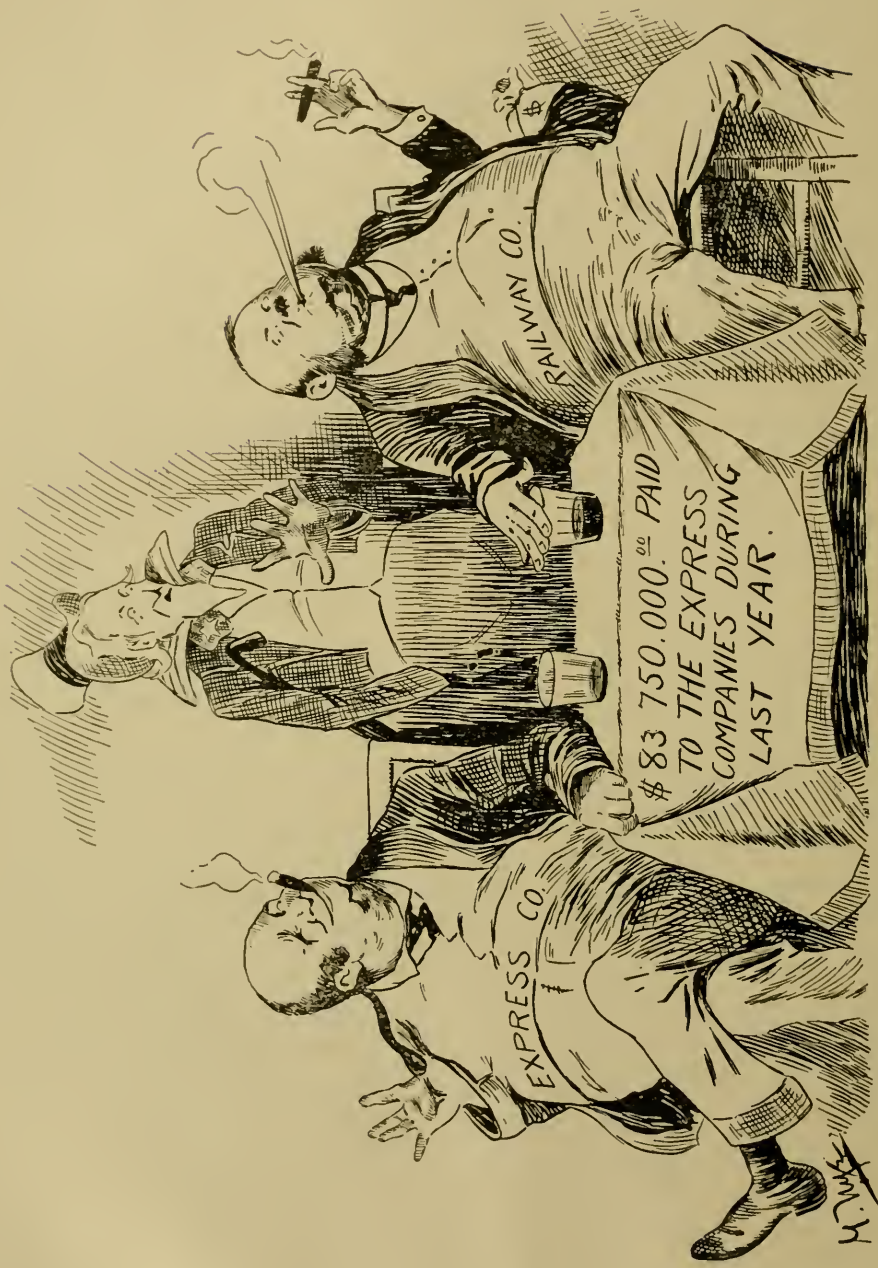
By H. E. Harman

Dear Stars, that shine within the wanton blue
Of Maytime's glory, how I envy you,
Because you look from out your lofty height
Upon her path and there behold the sight
Of her dear form, passing adown the way
All perfumed by the envious blooms of May-
While I must wait and wish to see her eyes
Which you can look at from her bonny skies,
And I, in exile, longing for your smile,
Which blesses you each twilight's little while:
Dear Stars, so safe within your wanton blue,
Because you see her, how I envy you!




**TRYING ON THE NEW METHOD OF SPEECH-MAKING**

"STOP IT, JOHN, STOP IT! THAT WON'T DO NOW—THAT'S A RANK RECORD"




BENEFICIARIES OF SPECIAL PRIVILEGES.

# THE FREE-LANCE

Dream not that wounds sustained at your behest,
  Beyond all doubt do loyalty portray ;
Although my heart seem by your cause obsessed,
  It merely revels in the fervid fray.

Yea, this is why no love have I professed,
  But let my silence mock your soft display ;
I wonder if you dimly ever guessed
  That I one day would lightly ride away ?

Grieve not that now I stifle in your grace—
  For favors do but prompt me to betray !
I toss your guerdons in your placid face—
  Can goods or gauds this restiveness allay ?

The tang of intrigue, or the pride of race—
  These only might affix me to your sway ;
I know not thrall of person or of place ;
  My joy, the jousting, and my lust, to slay !

—Grace Kirkland

# Sweet Briar Institute

A one-horse surrey was awaiting us at the station, and as the driver had other work to do while we three visitors should drive over the estate, it was a question of which of us should hold the lines.

"Will you drive?" asked Mr. Manson of Mr. Walker, insinuatingly.

Yes, he would drive; so he climbed gracefully into the front seat, while Manson and I made ourselves comfortable in the rear.

For a mile, or such a matter, the road was splendid, broad and macadamized, and the horse conducted himself well, in spite of amateur driving. But when we came to the end of the machine-made highway, and got out upon the naked "dirt road," where the course was tortuous, and the mud-holes numerous, and the grades steep, and the stumps obstructive, and the roots protuberant, and the limbs overhead and on the sides projective, and the way narrow, we had fun. At least Manson and I did, *after* the first few hundred jolts and jars had shaken all the

ACADEMIC BUILDING

grunts out of us, and the humor of the thing developed.

For there was Walker, driving in the most tremendously solemn and original manner, his eyes fixed intently upon the hind feet of the horse, his hands strenuously pulling first one line and then the other, as the position of the horse's hind legs seemed to suggest changes in the steering.

To pilot a surrey by studying the hind feet of the horse is also a very good way to drive,—only it was new to me and, consequently, interesting: and Walker's manner of doing it was so absorbedly grave that one could not for a moment doubt his sincerity in the matter.

Tilted into one another's arms at one moment, rudely divorced at another, lurched forward by one plunge, and flung backward by another, almost spilled to the right as the left wheels climbed a stump, and nearly dumped out on the left as the right wheels crawled over a sapling, I couldn't help saying to Manson that while the ride was immensely enjoyable I was glad that none of my capital was tied up in the surrey.

At which feeble joke he was so much tickled that he encouraged me to apply to Walker the music-hall admonition used out West, 'Don't shoot the musician, etc."

* * * *

Leaving the horse and the vehicle, we climbed the stone wall and stood within the little cemetery which crowns the lofty hill. The landscape was beautiful. Wide reaches of open land covered with clover and orchard grass; noble forests of original oak, maple, hickory, dogwood and pine; the lovely grounds around the mansion of Mt. St. Angelo and the magnificent setting of the various buildings of the Sweet Briar Institute,—

SWEET BRIAR HOUSE—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

GROUNDS OF SWEET BRIAR HOUSE—BOX CIRCLE

all these harmonized to make a very pleasing picture.

The estate consists of more than 8,000 acres of splendid land, besides which the founder of the school, Mrs. Indiana Fletcher Williams bequeathed upwards of half a million dollars in stocks and bonds to the Trustees.

Of course, there was a lawsuit over the will which, being gained, had to be followed by a lawsuit with the lawyers. When the Trustees had managed to settle with their attorneys for $80,000, they probably regretted their failure to make a contract fixing fees befor going to court. Even the lawyers sometimes take advantage of the upsophisticated.

The will of Mrs. Williams states her intention as to the school: "A seminary to be known as the Sweet Briar Institute for the education of white girls and young women. It shall be the general scope and object of the school to impart to its students such an education in sound learning, and such physical, moral, and religious training as shall in the judgment of the Directors best fit them to be useful members of society."

At their first meeting, held in March, 1901, the Board of Directors formulated the policy of the school in the following paper: "Untrammeled by state or denominational control, or by the testamentary direction of a will, and, therefore, relieved of the necessity of bidding for popular favor through the employment of adventitious or temporary expedients, it is the declared wish and purpose of its Board of Directors to give such shape and scope to Sweet Briar Institute as will make it a worthy monument to the liberality of its founder

and the first among the establishments for female education in the state and the south. Believing that it would be unwise for the new institution to enter upon fields of educational activity already fully occupied, or to come into unnecessary competition with existing seminaries of learning, it is our desire to have it take possession of a territory hitherto overlooked and neglected. In the north the demand for collegiate instruction for women, fully equal in character to that offered the men by such institutions as Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and Yale, has resulted in the foundation of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Bryn Mawr. In the West and South the demand for better equipment of women for the practical vocations of life has led to the establishment of several excellent normal and industrial schools exclusively for girls. But nowhere, to our knowledge, has the attempt been made harmoniously to combine in one institution the best features of these two classes of schools. Holding that such combination is neither impossible nor impracticable, but rather that industrial training can be made, if only a safe equilibrium be provided for, to supplant, strengthen and enrich the intellectual, it is our resolve that the Sweet Briar Institute shall attempt this new line of educational effort. Standing for a policy and work distinctively and peculiarly its own, it will offer to the young women of the South carefully formulated courses of study leading to degrees, of high grade and proper adaptation to the needs and capabilities of the female mind—some literary and some scientific—and along with them thoroughly practical training in certain artistic and industrial branches of knowledge—the two lines of work so

RESIDENCES OF PROFESSORS

LAKE—LOOKING TOWARDS PAUL'S MOUNTAIN

arranged and coordinated that the choice of any one of the four years' courses will carry with it the election of a given number of the practical branches. These courses, of necessity few in number at first, will be added to as the growth and development of the institution may call for them, and experience dictate their character and scope. The specification and formulation of these courses must await the future action of the board, when it can have the assistance of the President and Faculty to be elected later on."

### Equipment.

"Sweet Briar possesses natural and artistic advantages which belong to few schools. Situated among the Blue Ridge Mountains, one thousand feet above the sea level, the school is in a healthful and invigorating climate, neither too rigorous nor too enervating. With a group of buildings in harmony with each other and with the surroundings, the effect is most pleasing. From the buildings, the view is extensive and beautiful; the range of the Blue Ridge stretches away in full sight for nearly a hundred miles, and the rolling country about is very attractive.

As the grounds around the school, about three thousand acres, are owned by the institution, it has an unusual opportunity to control surrounding conditions.

Out-of-door sports form an important part of the school life. A large lake gives opportunity for rowing and skating; there are tennis courts, basket-ball grounds and hockey fields.

The dormitories are furnished comfortably and attractively, and have every modern convenience. Rooms are arranged in suites, where two girls

have three rooms; there are also some rooms where two girls occupy one room; and there are some single rooms. Each dormitory has its reception room for social gatherings.

The academic building contains large, well lighted class rooms, an art studio and laboratories for chemistry, physics, biology, and domestic science. These laboratories are supplied with everything necessary for the courses in science offered in the curriculum. In this building is a reading room in which are found current magazines and newspapers, and a library of a thousand volumes.

### Aim.

The aim of the school is to be a college of the first rank. The requirements for admission to the collegiate work and the conditions of graduation are high—fully equal to those at Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and other colleges of the first rank. There are sub-freshman classes which cover work corresponding to that done in the last two years of a four years' high school course."

* * * *

"That's Daisy," said Mr. Manson. It was only a picture upon the parlor wall, the face of a girl in her teens, a good, wholesome face but in no way remarkable,—holding your interest and keeping a place in your memory because of her untimely death, the heart-break of the mother whose only child she was, and the noble endowment which devotes to the culture of young women for generations to come, the great wealth which would have gone to Daisy.

Here was a home that was a paradise; here was wealth that satisfied every want; here was the loved and loving child to fill the cup of human

CEMETERY ON MONUMENT HILL.

happiness; and one night changed it all. Death came into the household and took, not the aged parent, but the young daughter! "Found dead in her bed in the morning; died of heart disease, it was supposed."

Did she pass away in her sleep? Or was there an awakening in the night, a spasm of awful pain, a sense of dying in the dark, alone?

No one can say. At sunset, Sweet Briar was at the summit of earthly felicity: at sunrise it was buried beneath an avalanche of grief. As a home, it was Paradise Lost.

The desolate mother became a wanderer, visiting foreign lands, living in distant cities, making Sweet Brier her home no more. A monument of marble towers above Daisy's grave, another rises above the final resting place of her parents, but the noblest reminder of the lost child will always be the magnificent Institute which had its origin in the sorrow of the bereaved mother.

## EXTINCTION

Shone there at first three stars for thee,
  O man, in triune brightness blended,
That all thy wedded way might be
  By perfect light attended.

Faith, Hope and Love that marriage day!
  Ye slew her faith and Hope failed fast:
Yet teach thy groveling soul to pray
  Her charity remain at last.

# Reforms Suggested for the Georgia Convict System

By E. L. DOHONEY

AVE just read in your September number the account of the Georgia Convict System; am thrilled with horror, and yet our Texas System may be as bad, if the facts were known. Old Bobbie Burns told the truth when he wrote "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

But I have taken my pen not to lament, but to briefly suggest some reforms. There is at least one suggestion in the article, in the right direction. There should be separate buildings for each race, and separate buildings for the sexes of each race. But the first great step is to cut loose entirely from the lease and contract systems; keep the convicts within the walls of the penitentiary and treat them humanely. The brutal idea that because they are convicts, they are beyond the pale of humanity must be abandoned, even if the keepers have to be severely punished to teach them humanity. You and I, Mr. Editor, having practiced law, know that many of these convicts are innocent—convicted on perjured testimony; but guilty or innocent, they are all human beings, and should be treated humanely. Besides they are entitled to the proceeds of their labor; all, above the cost of keeping them. Labor is the basic law of life, and every laborer is entitled to the net proceeds of his own labor. The State deprives him of his liberty to restrain him from crime; but should not rob him of proceeds of his labor.

This brings us to the subject of prison reform. That now existing is an outrage on humanity. In the first place, the State violates the fundamental law of life, the law of labor. Every person is entitled to the proceeds of his or her labor, for the support and education of their family. And while the State is compelled to deprive the convict of his liberty in order to restrain and educate him, it has no right to steal the proceeds of his labor; that belongs to his family, and if the convict has no family, the proceeds of his labor should go into the school fund, to be used in educating other unfortunates. The State should provide for the health and support of the convict; daily require of him eight hours of hard physical labor; allow him eight hours for sleep and rest; and give him eight hours for reading, writing and instruction, intellectual, moral, social and spiritual

—to be supplied by the State. And a reasonable compensation for his labor should be paid to his family, or into the school fund if there is no family. By such a course as this, the term convicts would, in a few years, be fitted to become good citizens when restored to their liberty. Under the present system, convicts are generally treated so cruelly that, though good men, as many are when incarcerated, they become revengeful criminals by the time they are released; commit crime the first opportunity, and soon reach the penitentiary again. In most cases, it is the fault of the system and not of the man. Fully three-fourths of the convicts by proper treatment and proper education, could be evolved into good citizens.

In conclusion, let us add that we have no more right to take the lives of our enemies than we have to take the lives of our own citizens, and of neither except in self-defense, or as a dernier resort of some kind. Jesus taught us to pray for our enemies, and he prayed for his murderers with his dying breath. War should measurably cease at once, and as soon as possible entirely cease. No necessity now for war between nations about disputed territory, property, national insults, etc. All international questions can be determined by an international congress, which would make the settlement honorable to all, whether just or not. Even if unjust, the nation entitled to justice would have lost more in recovering its rights by war, even if successful in the sacrifice of blood and treasure, than the amount in dispute is worth. It is settled honorably and without loss of life by arbitration or by an international congress; and one life is worth more than millions of acres of territory and billions of dollars in money. The only two kinds of war justifiable are: First—That of the people defending their homes and liberties against a nation of invaders and robbers. Second—A people in revolution to overturn a tyrannical government which has trampled on its liberties. And even such wars should not be engaged in except as a dernier resort. A congress of nations might be able to prevent the former, and the people at the ballot-box ought to be able to avoid the latter.

## THE GLEAM

By Ralph Lamar

A grey day gloomed its way to night;
One cloud dissolved; one star shone thro:
Thus wore the long, dim years without a light
'Til Love dispelled the dark and brought me—you!

# The Wooing of Stella's Mother

By Abbie Fosdick Ransom

IN the West where the budding maples were red in the twilight the grey sky line caught something of the Springtime warmth. Here and there the brown of the fields was dotted with green and in the swamp by the roadside the bronchitic frogs were insistently calling—"Kerchief! Kerchief! Kerchief!" as though they expected to receive because of their much speaking. Above their clamor could be heard the wheezing, puffing, strangling and choking of a freight engine as it endeavored to get its second wind for the climb between the hollow and the next town while in the house across from the swamp a woman wrapped in a grey shawl was communing aloud with herself as she untilized the dregs of daylight on little square patches of woolen cloth which she was industriously drawing through an oblong strip of burlap. Every syllable was accented by the "uh-uh-huh, uh-uh-huh" of her rocker and the words ran on in one wavering, ear-rasping monotony of sound.

Suddenly her monologue ceased and the rocker forgot its decrepit murmur as she gave the burlap an expert fling upon the floor. Then she called to a girl in the next room:

"Stell, I want you to take a peek at this rug before I put it up; it's all done now."

"I'll be there in a minute," came in a clear contrato from the kitchen and almost with the words sounded a r-r-r-r-r-r-rh, a rumbling, a crashing and tumbling as though the end of the world had come and all things were rising, or falling, in the general tumult.

The woman started toward the door closely backed by her daughter. Out to the gate they hastened, listening in awed silence for whatever was to come. A whirr of escaping steam followed the crash, there was shouting and screaming and soon a pink cloud of smoke lifted itself above the trees that hid the railroad from their sight.

"There must have been an accident to the freight," observed the woman, drawing her shawl closer. "I've had a feeling in my bones all day that something was going to happen."

"Hadn't we better go down to the tracks?" suggested the daughter. "Maybe some one's killed."

"Dead folks don't need help," replied the mother, sententiously, "and you come into the house; you'll catch your death in this night air."

Back to the house she stalked, leading the way with strides that sent a belated gosling squawking in retreat. The daughter obeyed like one accustomed to martial discipline and the

woman was seated once more in the rheumatic rocker in time to observe a young man hurrying up the path from the gate.

"Good evening, Mrs. Graham," he called out, cheerily; "I came to ask Stella to go over to the railroad with me. There's been an accident and the sight's something great."

"What's happened?" The woman's tone made the words crisp as the night itself.

"A coupling broke and sent some twenty cars flying back along the down grade. The express was at the station with another freight on the siding. Jim Butler was engineer on the passenger and he saw it just in time to turn the switch and send them into the freight."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Not a soul, but a timber missed Jim's head by about a foot. I tell you the Butler kids came mightly near going to bed minus a dad, and there's a heap of junk going up in smoke down there now." Then he turned to Stella:

"Come, Stella, go over with me; it's a sight you'll never have a chance to see again."

The girl glanced at her mother, expectation and desire showing even in the motion of the hands that put up the locks of hair blowing about her face but her mother's chin was squared and her jaws set like a dog's with a bone.

"Stell isn't going," she announced, calmly.

"Why, Mrs. Graham," the young man attempted to argue the question. "It's much—"

"It doesn't matter to me what it is," returned the mother, "but Stell matters many a much. While we're on this subject I want to ask what you're coming here for anyway? This is the fourth time in as many weeks and it's about time I found out the reason for it." She pushed a chair toward him with a curt, "Sit down."

A protesting exclamation broke from the girl, the young man looked at her standing soldier straight in the open door, her face tinted rose red by the glare of the fire on the track or was it her mother's words? A determination equal to the woman's crept into his eyes as he deliberately seated himself in the proffered chair and placed his hat on the floor beside him. His heart was pounding against his ribs, but the answer came, direct and purposeful:

"I should hardly think a mother needed to be told why a young man should visit a girl like Stella."

"That's just what I thought," the words crackled and snapped like the burning pine of the box cars at the station a quarter of a mile beyond. "That's why I asked. I wanted you to know that you might as well save your time. Stell ain't going to keep company with anyone, let alone marrying them."

The girl shivered as though struck while the mother talked on, her words coming slow from between lips that scarcely seemed to move:

"I suppose you think you ought to have a reason for it and so I'll give one. I don't believe you'll understand but it won't make a mite of difference." She paused a moment, then pointed toward the western window:

"Do you see that graveyard up there on the hill? It's plain enough in this light, but it could be seen in the darkest night God ever sent if you spent your days with your eyes fixed on it as I do. Do you see those four gravestones standing there all by themselves under that maple in the corner? Those four graves are mine, mine and Stell's." She walked over to the window and stood there, look-

ing out upon them. After a minute she spoke again:

"One of them is Stell's father and the others—" her voice broke a little, then it took up the strain in the tone which tells of fires smothered up and choked:

"There were three girls, girls like Stell, and I loved them. I brought them into the world and I nursed them, I carried them in my arms many and many a night and day when I thought to drop with the misery and pain of their little burning bodies. None but the mothers who suffer what I have can know how I loved them; I don't believe even God could tell how much. I buried two of them when their hair was shining like gold on their shoulders and their eyes were like the blue sky seen through a crack in a white cloud. The other one—" She paused and swallowed as though the words were beating up too fast from the heart of her. Then she came where the young man was sitting and stood in front of him.

"The other one was the sweetest of them all. I loved her and cared for her for twenty years and then she married and went away, many and many a mile. She had only known him, the man she married, for three months, yet she was glad to put my love behind her and think only of him. I suppose it's right, but it's hard, awful hard. I didn't see her again for a whole, long year and then she was lying in a white casket with a little baby sleeping in her arms. We laid them, both together, up there on the hill by the other two. Then there were three boys and I loved them just as I loved my girls, but where are they? Nathan Eldridge; tell me that?"

He could barely discern the outlines of her form in the flaring half light of the fire, her hands were clasped and head bowed like one who stands before an open grave. An overmastering pity stole into his feeling for her and carried him back along the years until he saw himself lying weak and helpless in the arms of another mother who, tonight was lying upon another hillside; he could feel the pain, the sacrifice, the burden and he marvelled that any woman could endure so much. Something hard was pounding in his throat and before he could get the words around it she answered the question for him.

"Married, everyone, and gone. Stell and me are left alone on the old place and they don't care enough for their old mother or the only sister that's left them even to write a letter. They're in the city making money and they've got their wives and children and we might as well be dead as alive to them. When they're old, when their children serve them as they have me, then they'll think of the graves up there on the hill, but they won't now. 'Taint in human nature to think when you're young, but Stell's all I've got and I'm going to keep her. Maybe I'm selfish, maybe I'm doing wrong, but I've lived all my life and never known anything but suffering and sorrow and Stell shan't go thro what I have. Maybe the day'll come when she'll curse me; maybe she'll bless me; I don't know and I don't much care. I just know that you nor no other man shan't rob me of the only comfort there is in all this wide world."

The shawl had slipped down, she drew it up more closely around her shoulders, then she began again the pacing of the long room. Stell had disappeared and the young man sat dumb before this revealing of a woman's soul. Ten minutes went by, the fire on the tracks had died down,

away on the hill the cresent of the setting moon touched the white tops of four granite sentinels above four mounds which lay dark and grim in a place where all was dark and forbidding. Then the woman took a lamp from the mantle and lighting it, sent a glow of cheer into the gloomy corners. The door was shut and she resumed her seat, speaking in her natural, kindly tones.

"I know it's pretty hard on Stell not to have young company. Since I don't let her gallivant around all her old school friends have stopped coming here and there's nobody cares whether we live or die. Now if you want to drop in, friendly like, once in a while and talk with me and Stell you're right welcome, but I made up my mind I'd tell you Stell aint for anyone except me so long as I'm above ground. When there's another stone up there with those four then she can please herself."

A vision of the four stones as he had seen them in the glare of the fire came for an instant between him and the care worn face opposite; with them another stone grew up, inch by inch, until it stood square and straight as the head and shoulders rising above the arms of the rocker and a fierce resentment that these things should be took possession of him. He was about to speak but she gave no opportunity.

"If I let you come, you've got to give your sacred promise that you'll never try to see Stell alone, never say one word that you aint willing I should hear. This thing's got to be plain between us before you darken my doors again."

Slowly he rose and going toward her, held out his hand; in his face was sincerity, an honest purpose marked every line of his rugged features.

"I'll shake hands with you on that, Mrs. Graham," he said, heartily. "I shan't ask any more and if you'll trust me you'll never find me sneaking out of my part of this contract."

"That's spoken like a man." The hard hand of the woman shut tight in his. "I'll trust you as I wouldn't trust any other man I ever saw. Now, you go home; I'm keen tired out with thinking and worrying, but if you've a mind you may drop in tomorrow night and tell us about the wreck. I'm glad the Butler's aint called to bury Jim; he's just as true as any steel ever built into a freight engine."

" 'Twas a close shave," Nathan responded. "I'll be sure to come tomorrow night, Mrs. Graham."

Tomorrow night was but the prophesy of many nights which were to come. Although no word of love was ever spoken, a tender glance never given, no hand clasp ever felt, those summer nights seemed like a benediction dropped to earth direct from angels standing in the gates of Paradise. The two women looked together for his coming as they would have looked for the coming of the sons who had forgotten the mother who loved them. He helped them train the white roses over the granite sentinels on the hill, together they planted star-of-Bethlehem and forget-me-nots upon the mounds, they made the front yard of the old place a glory of blossom and sweetness. Almost more than the daughter the elder woman listened for his step and marvelled if he did not come. Her heart went out to him and lavished upon him the starved affection which the boys who had married and gone away should have kept for themselves. She seemed to grow young again in the happiness he brought and day after day her gaze was fixed less and less

longingly upon the hill where the sentinels were clothed in beauty and fragrance.

One day when the Autumn fays were bowing and smiling behind their batons of feathery gold and the crickets were calling to the maple leaves an invitation for a last dance in the meadow bottoms they went together to the County Fair. Here, where all the year centers in one final blaze of splender they became separated and Nathan with Stella on his arm wandered for nearly an hour through the crowd vainly seeking her mother. Suddenly it dawned upon him that they were alone. For the first time in all these months he had Stella to himself. He could draw her close to him and breathe the words which were always singing in his heart and no one could hear except this other heart that held the music to which the words were written. What mattered the thousands around them? They were alone, alone. Then his eye caught a glimpse of a little deserted grove on the outskirts of the grounds beyond where the horses were driven to the sheds and there the grass was green as summer. He turned abruptly and made toward it, not speaking a word, he could not; he must wait until they were seated upon the grass and he could draw her never so closely to him. And Stella? She looked into his face and read what was written there, knew what was to come and went onward, eager to meet and respond. Mother love, the sentinels on the hill, the earth and all things on or in it were swallowed up in the beating of a new desire and the rapture of their alone-ness. Soon they were on a line with carriage sheds, almost they had gone beyond and entered the grove when he stopped, whirled round and spoke, his voice sounding as metal struck upon by flint:

"You had best get into the carriage and wait. I will find your mother and bring her to you."

"No, I will not!" The protest was hot with pain. "I will go with you."

"Come, then," and he hurried her on, faster and faster until they were once more in the midst of the jostling and pushing. Then his pace slackened and he walked with eyes alert to every passing figure. Finally he saw the mother standing in the entrance to the floral hall. She saw him, noted the resolute face and squared shoulders, her daughter with eyes fixed upon the ground and in an instant the old pain was in her chin and jaws set hard together. She went out to meet him, biting her words out like sparks from iron on the worker's forge.

"It is time to go home; where have you been?"

Not a quiver of an eyelash betrayed that he suffered. "We have looked everywhere for you. At last we thought you would wait here where we were separated. It is late and I fear Stella is overtired."

He made as though to grasp her arm, but with dextrous action she avoided him, leading the way with the motion of a lion brought to bay and seeking an escape. Scarce a sentence was uttered on the five-mile drive for home and as the dusk gave way to the soft light of a rising moon he stopped the horses at their gate. Before he could leave his seat Stella had sprung out, unaided, and was waiting her mother.

"That doesn't look much like being tired out," he said cheerily, as he reached the ground, holding out his arms for Mrs. Graham. The moonlight shone full upon her face and

he noted the pitiful weariness which stamped every line and contour. Stella was already half way up the path, he extended his hand and drew the woman nearer to him.

"Good night, mother," the words were accompanied by such a caress as he might have placed upon the forehead of the dead.

A flash of red crept up and over her face, then faded until it was white and drawn. She raised her hand and struck him; it was a blow that staggered. For a moment he paused, opened his mouth as if to speak, though better of it and springing into the carriage was off without a word. They watched until the maples hid him from sight, then slowly, painfully, the elder woman followed the younger up the steps and into a house which was all darkness.

For two weeks they saw nothing of him. Stella moped listlessly and her mother had never seemed so hard to please. Then, one evening, Nathan entered as though it was but yesterday since that first happy one when he came with the knowledge that a welcome was assured. Tonight he did not sit down, but standing by the window gazed out upon the hillside where the flowers were withered and the grass was sodden in the October rain. No one had spoken, each one was beating back the thoughts which crowded all too fast for speech and wondering where the misery would end. Soon he came and stood before Mrs. Graham, but his eyes were on the girl in the doorway just beyond.

"Mrs. Graham," he said, "I simply called to tell you that I shall not come here any more. I would not have come at all but it was a duty I owed you because of past kindness."

"Why not?" The words seemed chopped out instead of spoken.

"You know why. I made you a promise that night the train was wrecked and I have kept it. But one day I almost broke it; if I keep coming here I shall break it; it is not in my power to resist always such temptation as I shall meet here." He turned toward the girl in the doorway, but still with the room between them. "Stella, I love you, I want to marry you, but I have promised your mother never to ask you. You belong to her, not to me. I almost forgot myself that day at the Fair, but I remembered in time. Will you come here and kiss me? I want the memory of it to help me after I have gone out of your life."

The girl's eyes were fixed on the drooping figure in the rocker. As she looked her own face grew old and grave until it appeared to Nathan a counterpart of the mother who had loved and lost and suffered. There was the same squared chin, the same persistency in the sorrowful lips and in the grey eyes was the tenderness a mother gives a sleeping child. Then she came steadily forward, her gaze still on the mother, not on him. She bent down, pressed her lips hard upon her mother's cheek and then went up to him and passing her arms around his neck she laid her head upon his shoulder. He held her there, kissing her, lovingly, longingly, his hungry fingertips touching face and hair with soft caressing. Then as he put her from him she came back and kneeling down, buried her fact in the place which from a child had ever been her refuge. So he stood gazing upon them while the mother hands smoothed the hair of the girl whose tight shut lips kept back every trace of agony. But as he moved toward the door, his hands flung out as one who seeks his way in the dark, the elder woman sprang up, seizing her daughter in a vise-like grip. She lift-

ed her to her feet, pulled her forward, clasped her hands in Nathan's and then left the room with strides eager and swift as thought.

Up stairs in her daughter's chamber she sank down, kissing the pillow where her head had rested, caressing it with trembling fingers, holding it in her arms as though it was the baby she had loved and cherished so many years before.

"I can't help it! I didn't mean to!" she sobbed, dry eyed. "I thought he asked her that day at the Fair and I've hated him ever since. I lied to him; I told him I'd never known anything but sorrow when I've had rivers and oceans and mountains of happiness. Oh, it's the sweetest comfort in all the world to feel those little baby fingers wandering over your face and neck and bosom! I've lost them, I'll never have them again. But Stell'll have them, Stell'll have them. Oh, my little ones, my little ones! I am alone, all alone; of all my babies, not one is left to comfort me!"

Tender hands drew her head from the railing where it rested. "No never alone, mother, never alone, so long as you will let Stella and me be near to comfort you. Stella couldn't leave her mother even for me. Mother, my mother, and Stella's; we love you."

The hand of Stella pushed back the grey hair from her mother's temple while the arm of the woman went up and drew down the face of her daughter's lover until it touched her own.

# HOME DEPARTMENT

BY LOUISE DuBOSE

## HALLOE'EN.

The thirty-first of October, known as Halloe'en, or Halloeven, meaning the evening before the festival of all Hallows, or all Saints, is looked upon with superstitious delight. It comes to us as a relic of Pagan times, and is associated with the prevalence of supernatural powers.

It is a night when witches, devils and other mischief-makers are abroad on their baneful midnight errands. In England it is known as nut-crack night, and in Scotland, as Halloe'en, as with us, and in the rural districts it is observed with much merriment.

It is always interesting to the imaginative, superstitious mind to be so closely allied to spooks and the queer beings which it is claimed hover about us on this occasion, that an insight to the future is obtained so that we are made to see and feel the presence of our conjugal life partner.

There is no more enjoyable, or amusing way of spending an evening than for a party of friends to assemble and test their fortunes.

It would be well to try some of the old Scotch experiments which are given here.

The first one is to go hand in hand, with eyes shut, and each one pull the first stock, or plant, of cabbage they meet with. The size or shape, big or little, crooked or straight, will be prophetic of the shape of their future husband or wife. If earth sticks to the root, there is a fortune in store for the lucky one. The heart of the stem is tasted which indicates the temper and disposition. Then the stems are placed over the door and the christian names of the people who come into the house, according to the priority of placing the stems, is the name which your future partner will bear.

The next thing to do is to go into the barn and each one pulls a stalk of oats three different times, if the third stalk has no grain at the top, your wife will be anything but a maid.

Burning the chestnut is a popular charm. Each nut, as it is placed on the fire, is named a girl or boy, and as they burn quietly together or start away from each other, so will be their courtship.

Take a candle and go alone to a looking-glass, eat an apple before it, and as you stand there comb your hair all the time. Your lover will appear behind you, peeping over your shoulder.

Go to a barley stack and measure it three times around, the last measure of the last time you will catch the appearance of your future wife in your arms.

Take three dishes and put clear water in one, foul water in the other and leave the third empty. Blindfold the person and lead him to where the bowls are. He (or she) dips the left hand, if in the clear water his, or her, conjugal partner will be a maid, or batchelor, if in the foul water a widow, or widower, and if in the empty bowl no marriage at all.

Suspend an apple by a strong cord from a high point in the room so that it will swing without any obstruction.

Tie the hand behind the back and let each one bite a piece from it. If he is successful in the first attempt his marriage will occur during that year. The number of efforts required denotes the number of years they must wait.

Place as many small apples as you have guests in a large bowl of water, having previously cut a letter on each apple. After the hands are secured at the back an apple must be brought from the bottom of the bowl by the teeth. The letter on it indicating the first letter of the christian name of your future partner.

Strings of red pepper hung in festoons about the room and held at intervals by corn with the shuck pulled back so as to show the grains, apples placed about in clusters, and Jack-O-Lantern made with pumpkins with the meat taken out, and eyes and nose and mouth cut, with a candle placed inside, are very effective decorations.

A large pumpkin with the top cut off, meat taken out and a small bucket of cider put into the opening to be served the guests is very attractive.

A pretty table decoration is a very large pumpkin which has been freed from the meat and encircled with grape vine to which clusters of grapes are attached, and filled with fruits, placed in the center of the table. Around this are red candles set in ears of corn, and at the four corners of the table, silver candle-sticks with yellow candles, the shades made in imitation of Jack-O-Lanterns, are of bright orange-colored paper.

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## IGNORANCE.

From one of the most remote southwestern states comes a case of ignorance in a young man of seventeen which is appalling.

He is a sheepherder's son and had followed the trade of his father since he was old enough to mind the sheep.

The father lived in a little hut out on the Llano valley far from any associates, or neighbors, and the art of conversing had been stunted in him as well as in the other members of his family. This young son had run away from his home, so he said, because his father whipped him, and had come to the nearest village where he was interviewed by a personal friend of the writer, who was a guest in the small hotel there.

"Charlie," he asked him, "what do you do?"

"I am a herder," was the curt reply.

"How long have you been a herder?"

"Never done nuthin' else."

"Did you ever see anybody to talk to?"

"They brought my grub once a week."

"Did you ever hear of George Washington?"

"Never lived about here, sir."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Went once, sat outside."

"Ever read the Bible?"

"No sir."

"Ever pray?"

"Never heard of it."

"Does your father read the Bible or pray?"

"Never heard him do nuthin' but cuss."

"Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?"

"Heard of him once, done forgot what it was."

"How many sheep do you care for?"

"Three or four hundred."

"Do you know them all?"

"Yes, sir, every one by his holler."

This gentleman gave him his first shoes and his first coat, and secured for him his first position.

It is impossible, for one who does not know, to realize the loneliness of the man who cares for the sheep. He follows them over the ranges, day after day, seeing no one. He carries his tent with him, nothing but a fly, and it is under it that he sleeps, eats and watches the sheep in their slow progress over the mountains. When they go too far from him he must seek a nearer post so as to prevent them from wandering away.

Imagine the dreariness of it, the monotony of hearing nothing but the plaintive bleating of the sheep, never seeing

a human being but once a week when the week's rations are brought.

Imagine living and falling to the level of the cattle you tend; with no knowledge of heaven, nor hell, nor of Jesus Christ, with the thoughts of a home where the conditions are even more unpleasant?

Is it surprising that the man is stunted, mentally, morally, and physically?

Can we realize that such a thing exists right in our Southern states?

A man from the Eastern states would soon go crazy tending these sheep, it is said.

The Westerners claim that the Mexicans make the best herders.

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## A LUNCHEON CLUB.

For the young girl, or matron, who has had no opportunity of learning the art of cooking there is no way more profitable nor more pleasant than to form a luncheon club to meet once a week at the home of one of the members.

The hostess arranges the table and furnishes the smaller articles for the meal, such as, salt, pepper, pickles, etc., and the soup and serves it.

If a large club is formed she may have the assistance of another member.

A dish must be assigned to each young lady and it must be prepared by her, not left to some one else, and is carried to the home of the hostess.

No dish shall be given to any one person twice in succession.

The menus should be quite simple at first, for as in everything else, one cannot begin with difficult lessons.

The following menu is offered for the intitial meeting:

Grape fruit
Cream of tomato soup
Broiled lamb chops Creamed peas
Beaten biscuit Tea
Sliced tomatoes on lettuce
Lemon jelly Whipped cream.

CREAMED PEAS.—Make a cream dressing of 1 pint of milk, brought to a boiling point and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour. Add 1-2 teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a small piece of butter. When this begins to thicken put in one can of French peas, the water having been previously drained off.

LEMON JELLY.—Dissolve a small box of Knox, or Cox, gelatine in a quart of water. Squeeze into this the juice of four lemons, and two oranges. Sweeten to taste and pour it into a porcelain-lined vessel and put on the fire. When it comes to a boil strain through a cloth and put on ice until ready to serve.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP.—1 can of tomatoes run through a colander; 1 quart of milk; 1 tablespoon of butter; 1 stalk of celery; 1-2 salt spoon of white pepper; 1 tablespoon chopped onions; 1-2 tablespoon flour; 1 teaspoonful salt; pinch of cayenne pepper; 1 teaspoon celery salt; cook with onions and celery 20 minutes, in a double boiler, cook flour and butter together five minutes; don't let it brown. Pour into this the milk and lastly add the tomatoes.

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### Watermelon Rind Pickles.

Prepare the rinds by cutting into small pieces. Remove every particle of the pink meat, and the outer coating of green. Place in a kettle and cover with clear water and boil until tender.

To every seven pounds of rind use four pounds of white sugar; 1 1-2 pint good vinegar and season with spice, mace, white mustard seed and cinnamon. Bring all to a boil and put into earthen or glass jars.

Pears and peach pickles are delicious made by the above recipe except that boiling the fruit first is unnecessary.

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### Ginger Snaps.

1 teacupful of brown sugar.
1 tablespoonful of ginger.
1 heaping teaspoonful of soda into one cup of black molasses.
1 egg well beaten.
2 quarts flour.
Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

## CARE OF THE HAIR.

Beautiful hair is certainly the crowning glory of woman, and the care of it is at all times of interest to her.

Especial care should be taken of gray and white hair. Shampooing with white of egg and pure castile soap gives the best results and preserves the silvery whiteness. It is necessary to have the head shampooed every three or four weeks throughout the year, as it is the only method by which the dust is removed and the scalp refreshed.

By massaging the scalp with the tips of the fingers it is kept in a healthy state, the circulation improved and the new hair benefitted. It is well to have the hair singed, or the ends cut every two months and give the hair a good brushing night and morning. Curly hair should never be brushed, instead of which it should be combed and dressed carefully night and morning, the effect produced will be marvelous.

In Venice where the women are noted for their beautiful hair it is customary to give it sun baths. This is done by cutting the crown from a wide-brimmed straw hat, putting the brim over the head so that it rests upon the forehead, thereby protecting the face, then by pulling the hair through the opening it falls loosely over the brim and is exposed to the sun's rays for several hours.

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## TASTE IN DRESS.

Nowhere in the world has the self-supporting woman won such a reputation for good taste in dress as in America.

This statement applies not only to the business woman but to the average American woman. Good taste does not mean expensive materials, handsomely made gowns, or elaborate costumes. It is the care and attention paid to oneself and the fitness of the dress for the occasion.

No woman, when properly gowned, will appear on the streets, at church, or in any public place in silks, satins, laces and frills as if she were paying her formal calls or coming to or from a reception.

It is never well for any one to be conspicuous in any place, the result generally of an extreme of dressing.

For the working girl the simple tailored suit and plain waist is the correct thing whether at the desk, typewriting, or in the shops. The open-worked lingerie waists are entirely out of place as well as the fancier suits.

Upon entering the larger department stores in our cities one is immediately impressed with the well-groomed appearance of the young women in their employ. Some of these stores furnish uniforms, claiming they are an expense for which they are well paid.

The care of the hands and nails, the arrangement of the hair, the style of the shoe, all go to make towards the making of the well-dressed woman.

The high-heeled shoe, which is not only unsuitable, but injurious to the health, should never be worn to places of business. The shoe run down at the heel will meet the approval of no one.

Jewels and perfume should at all times be omitted when working.

Carelessness in the employees' attire should not be tolerated by the employer, for one with rude habits is bound to conduct her business in a similar way, and will result in a loss for the firm, for the public does not care to come in contact with such conditions.

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An easy method of exterminating fleas is to put a small piece of raw beef in the center of a tangle-foot fly paper, and place it on the floor. The fleas will be caught on the paper in their efforts to reach the meat.

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To prevent pear trees from blighting, insert into the main body of the tree fifteen grains of calomel.

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A peck of oats placed at the roots of a transplanted tree will be of benefit and prevent the tree dying.

# SAY OF OTHER EDITORS

### Back to the People.

We have seen the hand of Harriman seize the highways of the nation. Over the wine cups at Washington we have heard him nominate the Governors of his provinces. We have recalled the metaphor of President Garfield picturing the States as "discrowned sovereigns following in the chains the triumphal chariot of their conquerors," the railways. We have witnessed this centralization of wealth and political power until many have begun to despair of popular government.

But, behold, the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. Out of Oregon came a sign. A mighty hope has been born. A new and magic watchword has been sounded. "Back to the people"—that is the blazing banner round which gathers today a victorious host.

The demand for the initiative and referendum is, in the opinion of many, the most portentous movement in American politics.

The bosses have seemed hardly to notice it, and the corporations have only recently taken alarm. But it is too late. As stealthily as the tide, this great undercurrent of democracy has surrounded them, has cut them off.

Like a thief in the night a revolutionary principle has stolen into the Constitutions of five of our States. It is knocking now at the doors of twenty State legislatures. It is in full operation in half a hundred cities. The Supreme Courts of five of the States have bowed to it. And while the corporations are now asking the Supreme Court of the United States to outlaw it, their case seems hopeless.

The movement is irresistible. Government by private monopolies has run its course. The hour has struck. The people are rising.

Consider the history we have been making.

South Dakota, through the initiative and referendum, established popular sovereignty in 1898. This Fall the people take a direct vote on their divorce laws.

The right to make or unmake laws by a direct vote at the polls was won by the people of Oregon in 1902. Since then they have voted on 32 measures. Seventy-four per cent. of the electors, on the average, have participated in these 32 votes.

After an inexpensive educational campaign of a few months the people have passed, by overwhelming majorities, laws that it would have taken twenty years to get through their lobby-ridden legislatures.

The people of Nevada acquired the right of referendum voting in 1905. This year the legislature passed a bill to create an army of mercenaries for the benefit of the mine owners. But ten per cent. of the mineworkers can hold it up. Between them and the legislature the people will decide.

The right of direct legislation was incorporated in the Constitution of Montana in 1906. This year the people are going after three laws, a direct primary for United States Senators, an anti-injunction law and an employers' liability act.

Oklahoma started out with the initiative and referendum last year. This Fall a referendum vote is to be taken on the question as to whether the three million acres of school lands shall be seized by the speculators or be saved for the children of the commonwealth.

This is the roll call of the free States. And the number is steadily growing. Republican Maine and Democratic Missouri pass upon an initiative and referendum amendment this Fall. North Dakota is in the heat of a referendum

campaign. Organized labor in Ohio will demand a referendum pledge of every candidate for the State Legislature.

This is the line of march in America. The people everywhere are going to make and unmake their own laws when they are not satisfied with the work of their representatives.—Cincinnati Post.

### The Twin Planks.

We believe, however, that the interstate commerce law should be further amended so as to give railroads the right to make and publish traffic agreements, subject to the approval of the commission, but maintaining always the principle of competition between naturally competing lines and avoiding the common control of such lines by any means whatever.—Republican National platform, 1908.

We further declare that all agreements of traffic or other associations of railway agents affecting interstate rates, service or classification should be unlawful unless filed with and approved by the interstate commerce commission. —Democratic National platform, 1908.

The above planks, though worded differently mean the same thing. They mean that the present law forbidding railroads to agree on rates and agree not to cut rates, pool their earnings at competing points, &c., shall be repealed, and that railroads may form trusts and monopolies of transportation, if they can get the railroad commission to approve their agreements. The present law sends the railroad managers to prison if they enter into such combinations.—Mo. World.

### How Will They Vote?

In an editorial, "The To-morrow" Magazine says:

"Roman Catholics are the only religionists who demand and get political recognition on account of their church affiliation. A few years ago they were like the solid south, all Democrats, but the word escaped from the inner circle, why not work both ends of the game, and so the bargaining for Catholic votes commenced, until now, with the balance of power, ready to flop to either side whenever the word is given, this foreign parasite, this undemocratic yellow dog of the dark ages, has gained the highest point of vantage in American affairs.

"The question rises, will real Americans who hold their allegiance to Uncle Sam instead of the pope, stand for it? **Will Watson speak?** Will Debs speak? Will Hearst and the Independence League dare come out boldly against this foreign hierarchy and give **real** Americans a **chance** to **vote** for a **party not pledged to Romanism?**

"It would be interesting to know how many Catholic votes are apportioned to the Prohibition party. The utter failure of the Catholic system of teaching morality (the dogmatic method), is seen in the tremendous preponderance of criminals who are of that religion, and following the train into politics four-fifths of all the boodlers and grafters throughout the country for the past fifty years have been Catholics. While according to population the Catholic inmates of jails should not be more than one-seventh of the entire number of criminals, the fact that from New York to San Francisco in all the jails throughout the land everywhere, Catholics number three-fourths of the inmates—instead of 143 they invariably number 750 to 800 out of every thousand criminals—should cause the government to look into the system employed in parochial schools and insist that they either disband or adopt the 'inductive' in place of the dogmatic system of education.

### Why Vote the Populist Ticket?

Vote it because it protests against conditions resulting from the abuse of the competitive system under which we live, can live and must live; as free and intelligent people we must right this abuse of competition. Trusts have grown out of it, competition will be at an end, and white and black will be in abject slavery industrially. Every man

will have work, the trusts will, for self-preservation, keep humanity on the verge of starvation. Church and politicians will admonish people to be content with their burden; a full dinner pail will be ever before their gaze. Cheap public amusements will be provided, public baths, etc., will be provided. Little sops will be granted because of third party movements. We are bound to have protest voters; the larger the number the greater the concessions. Therefore, vote the people's party ticket, make the protest as large as you can, then we will get government ownership of general utilities which will rob the trusts of their mainstays. A fair and liberal competition will establish itself again. Free trade between the states will actually exist—which now is juggled. Direct legislation will become general, so much the sooner, should the people's party roll up a large protest vote. We thank the large Populist vote in 1892 for present day reform advances—Ohio Liberty Bell.

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### Postal Savings Banks.

Guaranteeing depositors in lieu of postal savings banks—not for me. Agitation of the question of postal savings banks does the heart of the old "Pop" good. Think of it, brothers, the Republican party is advocating it. The Democratic party says it is a good thing if guaranteeing of depositors cannot be obtained. The Populists have sown good seed, the long-whiskered, wild-eyed and hay-seed pops, in conjunction with urban labor representatives, built well and promulgated a platform which was logical at the time they met in Omaha (1892), and is logical today, any plank of which, if enacted into law today, would be a blessing. Postal money notes, postal savings bank are things which will be common to our children. Despise not the "Pop," or his predecessors, who struggled and stood the jeers of the greedy who opposed measures that be legal tender for all debts, public or private, and shall be issued to the public without the intervention of banks.—Sam'l W. Williams, Vincennes, July 15, '08.

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Answering the taunt of Tom Watson, the Hon. John Temple Graves says that Hearst does not boss the Independence party. If Hearst does not, let John Temple answer the question—why Graves? It is not reasonable to suppose that Hearst would be willing to pay a large salary to this warbler when mockingbirds are so cheap and plentiful, if he did not want a sweet singer as press agent for his personally-conducted party.—Tallahassee (Fla.) Sun.

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Hisgen, the Independent candidate for president, scores one on the other fellows in that at his notification twenty women kissed him. If he was allowed to select the women, this ought to be glory enough for him, whether he gets a vote or not. Now let's see what happens to our own John Temple when he is notified of his nomination as vice-president.—Telfair Enterprise, Sept. 3.

# A RUSTIC SCENE

Here,
In the hammock, 'neath gnarled apple-trees,
In autumn air I swing in idle ease,
Nor feel a care
While,
On the beach the roaring ocean reels
And twinkle down the road the racing wheels
Of farmers homeward driving from the fair.

Fields,
In whose grass the purple asters stand
Beside the witch's white umbrella and
Where yellow daises rear
Their faces pale and clear
To smile upon the golden-rod (that poor man's gold)
Like Life, I see your gleaming grasses hold
Grim spider-webs, as white as whitest milk,
Death-skeins of silk,
Where, in the sun, the silent spinner sits
And knits
And knits
Her mechlin-lace of murder fold o'er fold.

Down,
In a swirl of red and yellow flame
From dying Nature's brush, the foliage falls.
A modest thrush
Whispers a note while, in the distance, calls
A watchful crow
And where
Wild cherries droop their black beads o'er the walls,

The wrangling sparrows fight, devoid of shame,
And, dusky minstrels, crickets juba pat
While green grasshoppers dance. Beside my hat,
My dog lies watching, and his fond eyes show
Such faithful love, as up to miue they shine,
I would not trade them for twin jewels . . . No!

Upon the line
The wind sways white clothes softly to and fro;
Below,
A stalk of crimson clover pulses slow
(Lost Summer's last thought, ere she turned to go)
While, 'mid the vines, the gathered pumpkins make
A dome of orange on a pavement green.
A slim brown snake
I see his swift way take
In many a zigzag thro' the peaceful scene,
While, with a jerk and bound,
A golden appie glimmers to the ground—
A period to a phrase of rustic sound.

Above
Upon the hill, 'neath arching apple-trees,
Earth's last white milestone stands . . a tombstone
lone . .
But, on the breeze,
Life-everlasting pours a spicy scent
As tho' transplanted from heaven it was meant
To teach that souls live on, tho' life be spent.
And yet I feel slow tears my sad eyes fill
To think that, lying there upon the hill,
So cold and still,
The buried treasure of some broken heart
Awaits the Master's will.

—Frark E. Anderson.

# LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

### About George Groghan, the Young Hero of Fort Stephenson.

(You will remember that Captain Groghan beat off an army of British and Indians from Fort Stephenson during the War of 1812, after his superior officer, Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, had ordered him to evacuate the post.

Judge Columbus Heard having told me of a story of Groghan that was very interesting, I wrote to Hon. Rufus E. Lester requesting that he make inquiry about it at the War Department.

The following letters show with sufficient clearness what the story was.—T. E. W.)

December 13th, 1902.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Tom:—

I enclose you herewith a letter from the Adjutant-General, giving the result of the search for the record of President Jackson's disapproval of the Court Martial of Col. George Groghan. It seems that nothing can be found about it, but the Adjutant-General is very sure that nothing of the kind occurred while Jackson was President. Such a thing may have happened when he commanded a military department.

If there is anything else that I can do to assist you in anything you desire, here, let me know.

Your friend,
Rufus E. Lester.

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December 12, 1902.

Hon. R. E. Lester,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:—

Referring to your inquiry as to whether or not the story that President Andrew Jackson disapproved the findings of a court-martial in the case of Colonel George Groghan with the remark that he had the right to get drunk, and stay drunk if he pleased, etc., I have the honor to say that nothing can be found on the official records verifying this statement, although it is barely possible, but not probable, that something of the kind may have occurred in the early days when General Jackson was commanding a military department. It is quite certain that nothing of the kind occurred while Jackson was President.

Colonel Groghan was born November 15, 1791, in Kentucky; was the son of Major William Groghan of the Revolutionary Army, and a nephew of General George R. Clark. He served as volunteer aide to General Boyd, commanding brigade in the battle of Tippecanoe, in November, 1811. He was appointed Captain, 17th U. S. Infantry, March 12, 1812, and promoted to be Major March 30, 1813. He was Aide-de-Camp to Major-General Harrison, and distinguished himself in the defence of Fort Meigs, in 1813, and distinguished himself still more greatly, when in command of Fort Stephenson on the lower Sandusky, in repulsing a greatly superior force of British and Indians in August, 1813, for which he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, 2d Rifle Regiment, February 21, 1814, and resigned March 31, 1817. In 1824 he was Postmaster at New Orleans. He was again appointed in the Army as Inspector-General with the rank of Colonel December 21, 1825, and died January 8, 1849, at New Orleans. In February, 1835, Congress awarded him a gold medal "in testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of his

gallantry and good conduct in the defence of Fort Stephenson."

It is not found of record that he was ever brought before a court-martial. In 1844 a court of inquiry was appointed to investigate his alleged duplication of pay accounts, and in his address to the court he said:

"This is the first time since my entry into service that I have been brought before my brother officers for trial."

Very respectfully,
H. C. Corbin,
Adjutant General,
Major General, U. S. Army.

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175 Dearborn St., Chicago,
July 25, 1908.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Editor The Jeffersonian,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:--

The Catholic "New World" compliments you in its issue of July 25th, according to the enclosed. It is not necessary to look back thru any pages of history to find out what the church has done, and still wants to do, for freedom of speech, freedom of thought, etc. Only a few weeks ago Mr. O'Malley was venturing the opinion that perhaps the church has not wrought too "severe justice" after all in the days of the Inquisition, considering the heretics flourishing nowadays; the Ethical Culturists, the "free lovers," the anarchists, etc. In an issue of July 4th he defends the putting of books on the Index, in view of some of the present literary output, of which he does not approve. The New World dared to call for the suppression of the Giordano Bruno Club, of this city, because an Italian had killed a Denver priest. I now notice that Alia said before his execution, that he killed Father Heinricks because he recognized in him a man who had wrecked his home, and whom he had since been trailing; but O'Malley comes out with the same old falsehood—which by this time he must know is a falsehood—that Alia was an anarchist, "filled with an anarchist's hatred of all that is good and holy," etc. I am not of Miss Goldman's political faith, except intermittently, and in spots; nor a Jew at all; but this continual effort of the Catholics to incite police lynchings of Jews and anarchists, stirs up my blood considerably. This Catholic paper openly justified the dragging of Emma Goldman from a public platform here, and I think was instrumental in causing it; and it would probably do as much for any of the rest of us with whom it does not agree. It bolts into politics in the most open way. I have quoted from it a good deal in the N. Y. Truth Seeker; but perhaps you do not see that paper. If you want any of these extracts from the N. W., I will hunt up some of the most offensive issues and send them to you. The enclosed interview with Cardinal Gibbons, taken from the front page of last Sunday's Inter-Ocean, I am inclined to think authentic, because the Inter-Ocean makes a specialty of Catholic church news, is quoted approvingly by the New World (as is no other paper of this city;) and the report is not contradicted by this issue of the N. W. The fact that our Constitution forbids religious discrimination against office-holders, does not seem to trouble His Eminence.

A few weeks ago, Mr. O'Malley called for the publication of a Catholic gazeteer, vaguely saying that it would be very useful. Of course it would aid in preventing the gathering in of Catholic votes for "enemies of the faith."

It does no good to attempt to correct any of the "New World" misstatements: for O'Malley only asks how any one dares to endeavor to disturb the dignity of the official paper of the archdiocese, and says frankly that he puts such communications in the wastepaper basket.

Some time ago I sent you two articles, which I remember you wrote me were to be used, but I have not since heard anything of them. Will you kindly let me know about them? and oblige,

Yours very truly,
Louisa D. Harding.

(They appeared in Weekly.)

GUY HUNTER, a novel, by Judge William Weldon Stark. Cochrane Publishing Company, Tribune Building, New York City. 12 mo., 300 pages; price $1.50; postpaid $1.62.

A judge, a banker and a leader of the Democracy of Georgia, has occupied some of his leisure hours in weaving a web of romance under the above title. The love story of Guy Hunter and Maude Earle is more than a tale—it is a series of living pictures of real active life in the Southern United States, and affords an inner view of social, business and political conditions there.

This book is not only an interesting story of Southern life and people whom it is a pleasure to meet and know intimately, but it has specific interest in many of the scenes and places described. The manner and method of conducting elections in Georgia is interestingly told; and life is depicted at the University of Georgia, as well as at the home of Guy Hunter, in Oglethorpe county. This place has a peculiar history, which is interlarded with references to the division in the South caused by the Populist movement. One of the objects of the work is to encourage high ideals, both in politics and in private life. Altogether it is a book of exceptional interest and no mean literary charm. The people are real Americans and the entire atmosphere of the work is true to the life of today. That it touches upon life in New Orleans and also in Paris, both of which cities the author is familiar with, adds to the general interest and life of the story.

SOCIALISTS AT WORK. By Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty," etc. Published by The MacMillan Company, New York.

"It is rather startling to one whose observation of socialistic movements has been confined almost entirely to the United States, to enter one of the largest and most beautiful halls in the world—a hall seating ten thousand persons—and find it packed to the point of suffocation with delegates, members and friends of the Social Democratic Party of Germany" is the way Mr. Hunter begins an intensely interesting study of the men and principles which go to make up the socialistic parties of the old country—Germany, Italy, France, Belgium and Great Britain, as well as of the movement in such other countries as have not yet openly dared to band themselves into anything savouring of an organization, such as Russia.

Attractive and ably depicted are the characters of August Bebel, whose "Woman Under Socialism" is perhaps his best known work in this country, H. M. Hyndman, William Morris, Jean Jaures, G. Bernard Shaw and many another "sulphite" who is dragging the world ever so little "from the ruck of things."

The steady growth of the power and influence of Labor, the determined propaganda of the producing classes to obtain a just proportion of the world's wealth, the victories won by men from the ranks which would have been unbelievable a decade or two ago, are all joyfully recounted by Mr. Hunter.

Mr. Hunter deeply deplores what

seems to be the indifference of Americans generally, and our reformers particularly, to the struggles of the European parties and at first though this does seem a little strange. However, the reasons lie in Socialism itself, which, a good deal like the Catholic Church, holds its dissenters within its ranks by having established enough different kinds of orders to fit almost any mental emergency. Consequently, from the "square deal" as represented by certain Republicans down to the "square meal" at a communistic table desired by the milder Socialists and finally to the "square steal" advocated by those anarchistically inclined, there are infinite gradations of belief and policy. The brotherhood of one common, steadfast, iron-clad tenet is not there to weld them together in such a way that socialists the world over will fly to each other's aid. The European socialists who are accomplishing a good deal in the way of bettering conditions for the lower classes are closely allied in thought with the Populists of our country. The Socialists of America are mostly extremists who are seeking to build air-castles, forgetting that ordinary humanity could not live therein, even if constructed.

There is rather more sympathy here for the Muscovite anarchist with his bomb than for the comfortable workingman fighting for free speech. The one represents the bloody, but picturesque, period through which each country has to go from despotism to constitutional government; the other wants what we have always seemed to have, and rather think it childish he should anywhere have to contend for it. Consequently, there is not as much understanding and moral support interchanged as doubtless would be helpful for all who, no matter how far apart as to ultimate social demands, are bowing to the principle of the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Hunter's book is both readable and instructive—a combination not always to be found.

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FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM. By Fiona McLeod. Published by Thos. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

"Short swallow flights of song, that dip their wings in tears and skim away" —seems best to express the dewey sweetness of this little volume of verse. The spectral pallor of dawn—the cool nightwind—the perfume of flowers that could never be anything but white; these are the things which seem to breathe from its pages. Yet it is not without intensity of passionate feeling. "Ice and fire" strangely commingle, as is ever true of a deeply spiritual masterpiece. It is a book one reads with some regret that printer's ink is cheap; for not every woman could understand it, and it is almost a sacrilege that any man should try.

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Books Received—will be reviewed later:

The Little Brown Jug of Kildare, by Meredith Nicholson, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.


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